Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lafayette*

The Hon. Gladys Fellowes,

A Daughter of Lord de Ramsey

No. 10.—Vol. I.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

Wednesday, February 10, 1904

Parliament is sitting again in all its glory, or, we should say, in all its glory with one brilliant exception—the presence of the Prime Minister himself, who, we cordially hope, will shortly recover from his distressing disorder. One of our contemporaries, in that fine style of hyperbole which distinguishes it, describes the appearance of the House as being "Like *Hamlet* without the Prince." There is a difference, however. The Prince in this case, instead of attacking the wrongdoing of others, is himself the victim to the envy and malice of his political enemies. Like vultures, they are hovering overhead, waiting to feast their hungry beaks on the prey dangling before their eyes. Poor Prince Ar—Hamlet!

Naturally, an amiable Prime Minister is not overanxious to gratify the insatiable inquisitiveness of all and sundry. He reads *The Times* with a grim smile (our imagination, it must be confessed, is running havoc, for everyone knows that Mr. Balfour never reads the papers) and finds that his views on the Fiscal Question require elucidation. Pondering over this, he is jostled by the Irish Party. "Home Rule for Ireland is what we claim," loudly declares an Hibernian orator, "and it is the irreducible minimum." Very well, my friend, very well. But go slowly. As the Liberals refuse to be disrupted again for a hundred Home Rule Bills, and half a loaf is better than no bread, take what you can from the Government and support them.

South Africa is another hard nut to crack. In the throes of a struggle between the people and the mineowners respecting the introduction of Chinese labour the irrepressible Mr. Richard Seddon, who considers it his manifest duty to set right everyone in every part of the Empire, has kindly volunteered his opinion on the matter. No doubt Mr. Balfour is duly grateful and will explain, for the advantage of inquisitive persons in Parliament and in New Zealand, all they want to know about this trifling matter, though undoubtedly it is a bore to have to discuss South Africa again.

Indeed, all of us have had enough of South Africa to content us for the rest of our mortal lives. After the late Colonial Minister had graced that wretched soil with his genial presence, and we had declared loudly how prosperous it would soon become under British rule, it is too distressing to have this interminable South Africa recoil again like a boomerang about our unoffending heads. The mineowners, we see, resent their arrangements being discussed in Parliament. How curious! We thought they were so imbued with patriotism that they would like nothing better than to be the theme of a Parliamentary debate. One would almost suppose that they disliked to have light shed on their doings. But the truth is, they are modest, and they know Mr. Balfour's time will be taken up with so many other matters that they are loth to encroach upon it; they only ask to be left without interference.

Japan is another thorn in the flesh to Mr. Balfour. The country does not want to see itself dragged into a conflict the outcome of which no one can foretell, nor does it wish to see bellicose Japan fighting against so huge an adversary as Russia, who is bound to crush her eventually. So poor Mr. Balfour is to be catechised on this subject. Then a solid phalanx of publicans are treading on his heels demanding, in no uncertain voice, public compensation for cancelled licences. These matters we have quoted only fringe on the multitudinous matters concerning which Mr. Balfour is to be cross-examined, and our wonder is, not that our Prime Minister is suffering from influenza, but that he is not suffering from a complication of maladies.

These buzzing wasps, which threaten to storm Mr. Balfour's hive, only include, you will observe, Parliamentary buzzers. But there are newspapers to be taken into account. The "Whole-Hoggers" (the academic and distinctive title of Mr. Chamberlain's followers) are strong in the Press, and their views are not Mr. Balfour's official ones. They include the *Daily Telegraph*, which is the property of Lord Burnham (late Sir Edward Levy-Lawson), one of the most respected members of the Jewish community; the *Daily Mail*, whose founder and principal proprietor, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, is one of the most genial gentlemen of the day, and whose opinions carry him to such lengths that he seems willing to sacrifice material gain for the privilege of instructing us all where our path of duty lies; and the *Daily Express*, of whose merits it is needless to add more than that it is edited and owned by that Prince of Hustlers, Mr. C. A. Pearson, who is known to all *littérateurs* as the editor of that brilliant journal, *Pearson's Weekly*. But enough! Our heartfelt sympathies are directed to the Prime Minister in his time of trouble. But we will leave him now: next week we propose to give a short review of those who oppose him.

PEOPLE of INTEREST

The Duke's Marriage

The Duke of Norfolk's marriage to Miss Constable-Maxwell, which after two changes of date is now fixed for Thursday, February 11, at Everingham, will be celebrated very quietly—indeed, no one will be there except relations, representatives of Lord Herries' and the Duke's tenantry, and a few really intimate friends. The bride has deep associations with the Chapel at Everingham, where she is to be married, for the music has always been her special care, it having been to her a labour of love to train the voluntary choir and also to preside at the fine organ. The Chapel, which was built by her grandfather more than sixty years ago, is as large as many parish churches. It is in a pure classic style, exquisitely proportioned, and both Lord Herries and his father have enriched it with lovely old pictures and carvings. The high altar, of rare and beautiful marbles is especially notable. It is probable that the future Duchess of Norfolk will have only one bridesmaid, her sister, Miss Angela Constable Maxwell, who is herself to be married to Mr. Eric Drummond in the Chapel at Everingham soon after Easter. Mr. Drummond, who is a clerk in the Foreign Office, is a year older than his *fiancée*. He is a half-brother of the Earl of Perth, Chief of the Clan Drummond, to whose honours he is at present heir presumptive.

The Presents

The Duke of Norfolk is much liked, even in so Protestant a town as Sheffield, which is giving his bride a noble gift. A good deal of his wealth comes from the city of cutlery, for he sold his market rights some years ago to the corporation for an enormous sum, and he also got a good price from a railway company for his former house and grounds there, called The Farm. A diamond necklace, costing something like a thousand guineas, is Sheffield's gift to the bride of her first Lord Mayor, in whose term of office, in 1897, occurred a memorable review

THE DUCAL WEDDING.

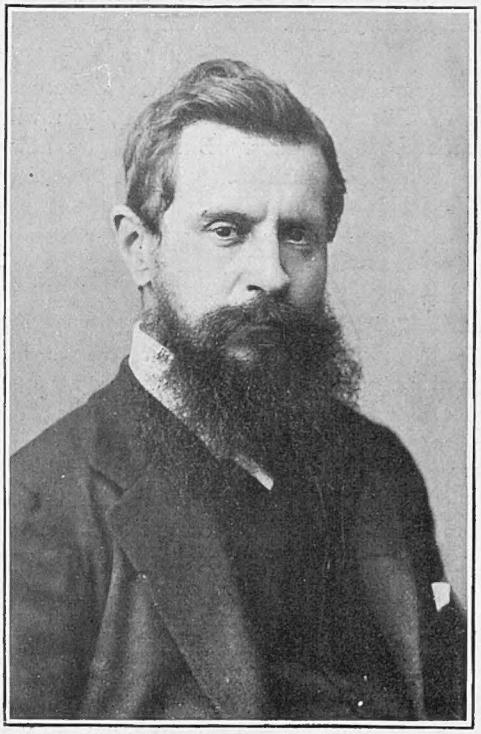

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Photo by Lafayette

His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., and his Bride, the Hon. Gwendolen Constable Maxwell

Photo by *Bullingham*

Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld and her Children

of the school children of the city by Queen Victoria. The Duke's gifts will also be both remarkable and valuable. The King will certainly present the Earl Marshal with one of those characteristically thoughtful and useful gifts for which His Majesty is famous. The whole Roman Catholic body in England are subscribing towards a joint present, and so, also, are those who served under the Duke as Gold Sticks at the Coronation. The Mayors of Sussex are giving an enormous silver cigar and cigarette box, but the City of Westminster contents itself with the presentation of an illuminated address. It will be interesting to see what Heralds College will give its noble head.

A Deeside Hostess

On Deeside the name of Farquharson of Invercauld is one to conjure with, and though the owners of one of the most splendid of Highland residences sometimes let their stately home, and have a choice of other places, they are always on Deeside during the autumn months of each year. Among those of her neighbours with whom Queen Victoria was on intimate terms of friendship there were none whose close neighbourhood she valued more highly, and she took the deepest interest in the engagement and marriage of her old friend's son and heir to Miss Zöe Musgrave of Eden Hall. Invercauld has been often described; the splendid house, which has been said to resemble an Italian mansion, lies above the swift-flowing Dee, the windows commanding exquisite views, and the sporting demesne is said to be one of the finest in the country, both Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson taking the keenest interest in its upkeep. At the great Deeside function, the Braemar Gathering, the Laird of Invercauld leads his clan past the Sovereign, each Farquharson wearing a pine sprig, the badge of the clan, in his highland bonnet. Mrs. Farquharson of

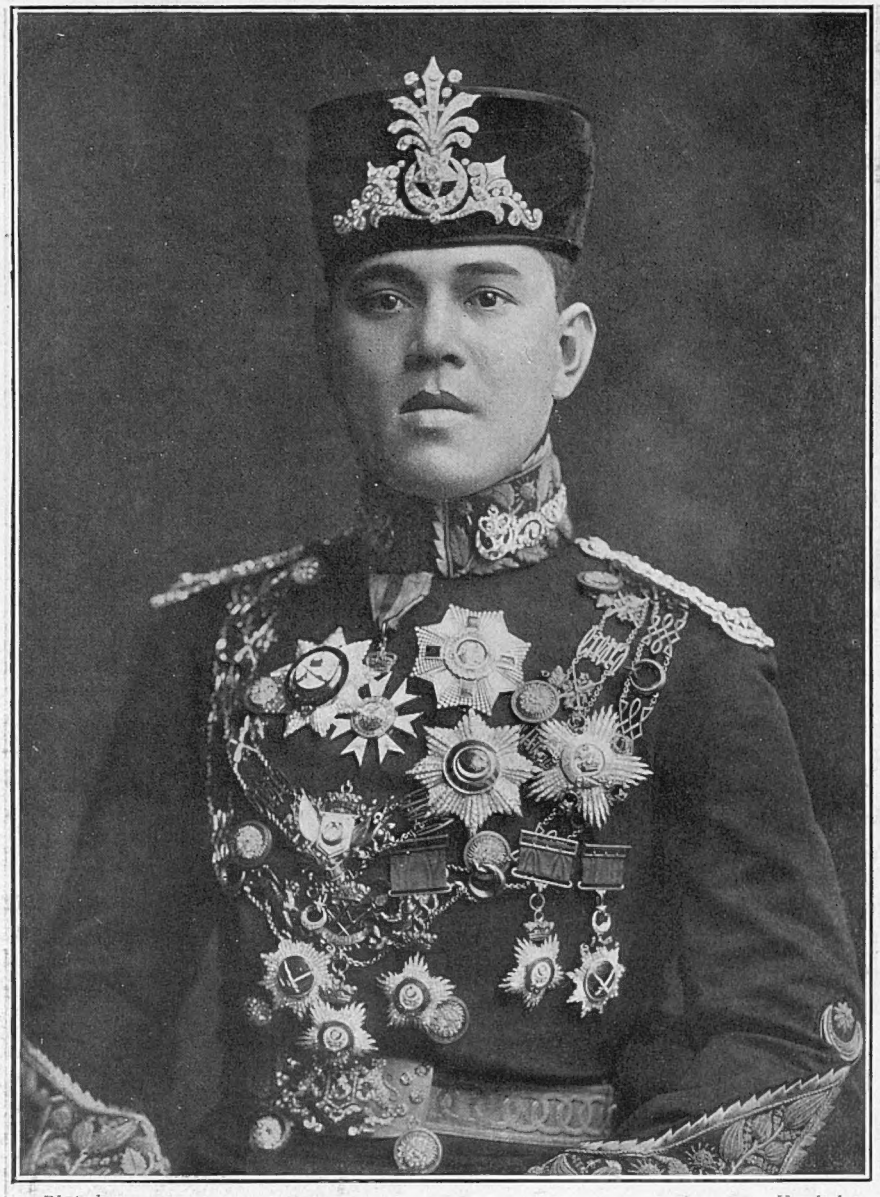

Photo by *Vandyck*

H.H. the Sultan of Johore

Invercauld, always entertains a large party of friends for the Gathering, and among them generally is her brother, Sir Richard Musgrave, and his pretty wife, who is lady-in-waiting to Princess Victoria.

Sultan of Johore

Big-game shooting and horse racing are the favourite amusements of His Highness Ibrahim, K.C.M.G., Sultan of the State and Territory of Johore, one of the richest States of the Malay Peninsula. It has a capital city, which is sometimes visited by tigers in the night, and the Sultan has bagged a wild elephant within a few miles of the town. He is only thirty, but his record in regard to tigers and elephants (which he always hunts on foot) is a long one, and he has the unique distinction of having killed a couple of elephants with a "right and left" from his Holland and Holland 8-bore. He is a tall and athletic young man, of genial manners, who knows Europe (where he is travelling now) from frequent visits incognito, and has spent some months in England. It is eight years ago since he came to the throne, and, besides attending to the duties of his high office, he has found time to interest himself in dairy farming.

Prince Alexander of Teck

The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, in which Prince Alexander of Teck is a captain, is, socially, one of the most select in the Service. The Duke of Connaught received his cavalry training in the regiment. After serving some six months in the Royal Engineers, another six months in the Royal Artillery, and rather more than four years in the Rifle Brigade, the Duke, in 1874, joined the 7th Hussars as a captain, and served with them for some time, gaining his majority in 1875 while with the regiment. Even now, his connection with the regiment has not ceased, for his son, Prince Arthur, joined the 7th Hussars in May, 1901, and served with the regiment in South Africa, where it did excellent work. The 7th Hussars has a grand record of services, and its "honours" include "Dettingen," "Orthez," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," and "Lucknow." Apart from its services, the 7th Hussars has three historical peculiarities. First, it is one of the few cavalry regiments of Scottish origin; secondly, it was the senior of the Dragoon regiments to be converted into Light Dragoons; and, thirdly, it is the senior Light Dragoon corps to be converted into Hussars. The regiment dates back to 1690, when it was formed from certain independent troops of Horse and Dragoons, which had been raised in the previous year, and was known at first as Colonel Robert Cunningham's Regiment. It became the Princess of Wales's Own Royal Dragoons in 1715, the Queen's Own Dragoons in 1727, the 7th Queen's Own Dragoons in 1751, the 7th Queen's Own Light Dragoons in 1783, and the 7th Queen's Own Hussars in 1805.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema, who is paying a flying visit to London, has lately been passing much of her time in Berlin, where her plays are becoming more and more popular, and are constantly being produced. Miss Tadema is a charmingly sympathetic, soft-voiced woman, widely travelled, a gifted linguist, and a musician of more than ordinary merit. For some years it was her intention to become a pianist. Her last addition to English literature was a book of poems, "Songs of Womanhood,"

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema

published last April; but another volume of verse, four novels, one set of tales, and one of essays already stood to her credit. All her work is instinct with dramatic feeling, and to-day playwriting is her favourite *recreation*, though all we have seen of that phase of her literary efforts have been *The Unseen Helmsman*, produced by the Stage Society, and *The Silent Voice*, with music by Arthur Somervell, which was produced at the Coronet Theatre for the Soldiers' Fund. Of half Dutch and half French parentage, from childhood surrounded by the classic beauty of her father's work and meeting all the leading lights of literature and the arts, she has had exceptional advantages, and to-day one of her closest friends is Mme. Eleonora Duse, with whom she has travelled widely, even to the Russian capitals. Miss Tadema is no new woman, though she thinks that every girl should be brought up to earn her own living, and on the question of dress she is quaint. She says she began life determined to adopt a sort of uniform and not be troubled about any fussy femininities, but she found herself debarred from so much pleasure thereby, and also is sure that her friends were not pleased with her, that now she makes her gowns an artistic study, endeavouring to keep somewhere near fashion's whims, though retaining her individuality, and she proudly confesses to "making many of them myself."

A Favourite of Royalty

Mrs. Wilfred Ashley is one of the younger matrons in Society whom Royalty delight to honour, and both as Miss Maud Cassel, the only child of the immensely wealthy philanthropist millionaire, Sir Ernest Cassel, and as wife of Mr. Evelyn Ashley, she had the pleasure of entertaining the King on many occasions. His Majesty acted as sponsor to her little daughter, who rejoices in the quaint name of Edwina. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley were married in the year 1901, and they had on their wedding-day a unique experience, for when driving out of town to the suburban palace which had been lent them for their honeymoon, a sudden fog caused their coachman to lose his way, and

Photo by *Jacoletie*

Mrs. Wilfred Ashley and Her Little Daughter Edwina, for whom the King Acted as Sponsor

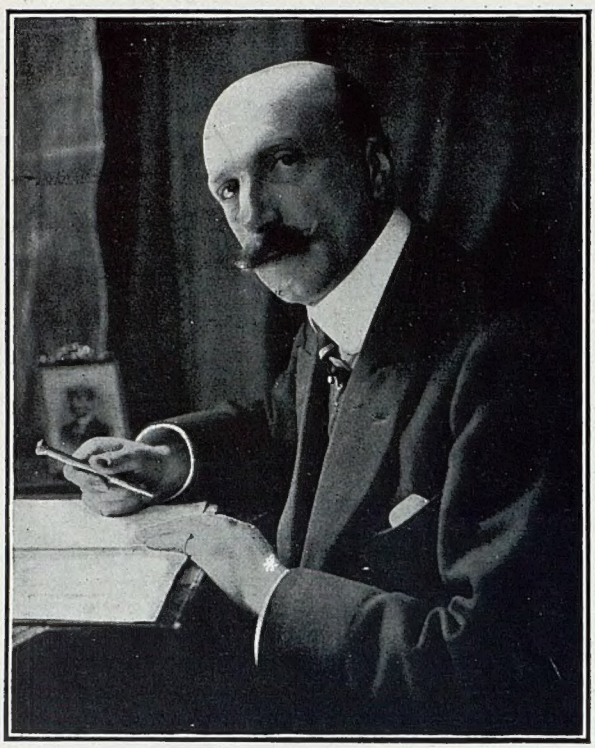

Photo by *Mills*

Lord Esher
To whom is due the sweeping reforms in the War Office

the young couple, after meeting with several adventures, had finally to finish their wedding journey in a tradesman's cart! Quite recently Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Ashley have become the owners of a delightful Irish estate, Hazelwood, not far from Sligo and standing on the shores of Lough Gill, famed for its fishing and boating. Mr. Ashley is a keen politician, and will soon be in the thick of a contest in the Blackpool Division, and it is quite possible that his young wife will play an important part in the social politics of the coming year.

Miss Hicks-Beach

The pretty daughter of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the grand-daughter of Lord Fortescue, has just had a signal honour bestowed upon her—that of being asked to sit for the graceful and stately figure of Britannia, which figures on the reverse side of the new florin. The twentieth century Britannia and her sisters have been brought up in a truly Imperial atmosphere, for their father is one of the strongest, as well as one of the most respected, of British statesmen, while his accomplished wife, Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach, has been one of the most prominent of polit..al hostesses, being helped to do the honours of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer's town house by her daughters, of whom the youngest was a god-child and namesake of Queen Victoria.

The Chapter of the Garter

Not the least interesting incident in connection with the Royal Wedding was the holding, by the King, of the First Chapter of the Order of the Garter held in this country since the April of 1855. How little can those who then were present (and among them the only survivors are now His Majesty and the Duke of Cambridge), have foreseen what a long space of time would elapse before the stately ceremonial was repeated. The Chapter of 1855 was held in honour of Louis Napoleon. On this occasion Edward the Seventh confers the highest dignity in his power to bestow on a crowned head, that is the King of Würtemberg. Of course the fact that the Queen will be present as a Lady of the Garter will add a charming and picturesque touch.

Reforms and the Man

The reform of the War Office is a question which has spread itself over a number of years. It is difficult to recall a period when jests at the expense of the unfortunate War Office officials were anything but in order. Agitation soon develops into a habit, and it is somewhat of a shock when the cause of offence is removed. The report of the Reconstruction Committee, with its sweeping reforms, was robbed of no portion of its dramatic effect by the widely held and firmly rooted conviction entertained by the multitude that some such reforms were necessary. Viscount Esher has more than justified the confident expression of opinion at the time of his appointment as chairman of the committee in November, 1903, that he was the man for the job. Indeed, Lord Esher's work a year previously on the Royal Commission on the South African War was still fresh in the public mind, and more especially the important suggestions he made on the subject of War Office Reform. When many achievements of his useful career as a public servant have been forgotten, he will still be alluded to in popular parlance as the man who "abolished the Commander-in-Chief."

Photo by *Cameron*

Miss Hicks-Beach

The Topictator

CHORUS OF EXPERTS
"O! UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE— EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY— LOOK AT THE INSCRIPTION— 'TO B'— NO DOUBT 'TO BACON'"

A RECENTLY EXECUTED STATUETTE OF NELSON, INSCRIBED "TO N," COMPLETELY TOOK IN THE EXPERTS WHO PRONOUNCED IT A GENUINE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY WORK.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN
EXIT THE COMMANDER-IN CHIEF

"GET OFF THE EARTH!"

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL, WHO IS FOND OF SIMILES, SAID THAT, LIKE TIRESOME PEOPLE GOING ABOUT THE COUNTRY SCRATCHING HOLES TO FIND HIDDEN TREASURE, MR CHAMBERLAIN WAS PICKING HOLES IN ALL THE GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRIES"

THE "SOUTH EASTERN" APPEARS TO BE GAINING FAME FOR THE PUNCTUALITY OF ITS TRAINS.
DISGUST OF JONES, WHOSE PET EXCUSE FOR BEING LATE AT THE OFFICE IS IN DANGER OF BECOMING OBSOLETE

THE RUSSIAN BEAR (TO THE RUSSIAN LION") "DO YOU THINK I SHALL GET MY MAN DOWN IN FORTY-FOUR SECONDS?"

F.G.

FROM ABROAD.

THE EDITOR *is always pleased to consider photographs and paragraphs from readers abroad with a view to their publication in "The Bystander." These should, as far as possible, deal with topical matters.*

Heavy Snowfalls

Heavy snow has fallen in most parts of Switzerland lately, and skiers and lugers are rejoicing, while skating has been spoilt and golf has been out of the question. Avalanches have already claimed three victims, while four others have succumbed to the intense cold. In Western Switzerland the thermometer has fallen many degrees, and the average temperature for the week has been so low as to constitute a record.

Best Season for Years

The winter season has reached its height, and at St. Moritz it has been the best for many years, thanks to the facilities offered by the new railway which was opened recently. The competition for the Holland Challenge Trophy took place on the Kulm Rink, and the whole town turned out to witness it. There were four entries, and Mr. Gwynne Evans, holder of the bowl, proved the fastest, obtaining 366 marks, while Miss Squire came in second with 277, followed by Mr. A. Davidson (Wimbledon) with 213, and Mr. H. Pawson, with 204.

Capt. Wynyard Plays "Bandy"

The same afternoon St. Moritz wiped out its recent defeat at the hands of the "Davosers" by vanquishing their opponents by three goals to two in a "bandy" match. This result was, in a great measure, due to the brilliant play of Captain Wynyard, the well-known cricketer, who obtained the winning goal after a keen game. A benefit performance, in aid of the St. Moritz Fund, was a brilliant success. This is an institution having for its object the granting of first-class accommodation to persons in ill-health, who are not in a position to meet the expense of a sojourn in St. Moritz. The scheme is under the patronage of Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Curzon, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Sir Francis Jeune, and many others.

Jumping Competition

The Alpina Ski Club held its first competition at St. Moritz. The seven mile race was won easily by Herr Paravicini, of Pontresina, in one hour and twenty-nine minutes. The jumping competition at Badrutt Park, where a snow leap had been constructed after the manner adopted in Norway, attracted a vast crowd. A Swiss, from Glarus, won in finished style with a jump of fifty feet.

Bobsleighing at Davos

The bobsleigh race for the Manchester Cup resulted in a great surprise. The English competitors were nowhere, the winners being a French team, "La Bombe," while two

In Search of the Sun on a Fine Afternoon in the Pincio at Rome

A Youthful Admirer of Dante Placing a Wreath of Laurels on a Bust of the Poet which stands in the Pincio at Rome

local teams came in second and third. A meeting was held at Davos in support of the scheme for the erection of a sanatorium for consumptives of limited means, to be known as the Queen Alexandra Sanatorium. Dr. W. Haggard, the British vice-consul presided, and read a report on the progress made during the year. Funds are badly needed. A gentleman made a sporting offer, after the meeting, to give 100 francs, if nine other subscribers of an equal amount would come forward within 24 hours. They were found. The Queen is taking special interest in the sanatorium which is to bear her name, and it is hoped a sufficient sum will be forthcoming to commence the building in the near future.

Big Electric Railway Scheme

There is a scheme on foot to connect St. Moritz with the adjacent stations by an electric railway from Sondrio, to pass through Val Molenco, Sils, and Silvaplana. Signor E. Orsatti, a well-known railway engineer, is responsible for the conception of the idea, which will cost 13½ million francs to carry out. The length of the proposed line will be, roughly, forty kilomètres. There is no question that the Sondrio-St. Moritz Railway would be a great boon to travellers between Milan and Coire, and Milan and Munich. A meeting will be held shortly to discuss the scheme.

"Woman's Rights"

Feminism breaks out in the most unexpected places, and is responsible for unlooked-for results. In Finland "woman's rights" have made great ground, and the advocates of the equality of the sexes have insisted on the suppression of the titles Miss and Madam, as demonstrating the inferiority of woman!

A Bad Fall on Skis

An accident of this description is a serious matter, and frequently has been known to result in a broken ankle

Nuremberg of the Red Roofs

Perhaps no other German town retains so much of the appearance and character of the Middle Ages as Nuremberg. Time has been generous to her, and, lying a little away from the beaten tracks, her ancient appearance has been allowed to a great extent to remain unmolested by the excesses of the modern tourist. One might well expect to see Valentine or Faust cross the Platz, or Hans Sachs, or Albert Dürer, the master, himself joining you in a tankard or two of beer. The town is circled by a high wall, surmounted in the early days by 365 turrets, one for each day in the year. A famous old inn is "Schmitt's," lying hard under the city's walls, and the assertion is confidently made that its equal and attractions for the untramelled wayfarer do not exist outside the realms of fiction and romance. In fact, Nuremberg has changed but little since the days of the Faust legend, and it is well worthy of a visit.

The Way of Beginners is Hard

Ski-ing down a Gentle Incline

A Tavern Built Into a Church

One of the most interesting sights in old Nuremberg is a beerhouse built into the side of a church. It is known to the inhabitants as "*Bratwürstglöcklein*," which, being interpreted, means freely "At the Sign of the Sausage Bell." In our picture we see the little bell casting its shadow upon the front wall of the tavern, and the tongue of this bell is a sausage. The old beerhouse has already celebrated its five-hundredth anniversary, and attracts large numbers of tourists every year.

"A New System" of Service

The traveller appears to live upon promises. He never tires of hearing fresh rumours regarding improved service of trains and steamboats. The latest tit-bit of schedule gossip concerns the journey between London and Paris, which after the Kalends of May is to be covered in six and a quarter hours. Leaving London at 11 A.M., travellers will catch the boat at Dover in time to reach Calais at 2 p.m. As long as he gets there, the average man cares little what skilful dispositions for improved service are made on his behalf. But for the more curiously minded, it may be of interest to learn that, owing to a new system of dealing with the luggage, the train for Paris will start ten minutes after the arrival of the boat, arriving at its destination at 5.15 P.M. Those details about the "new system" are eagerly awaited.

"La Mouette," the Steam Launch which Patrols the Seine to Prevent the Poaching of Fish, Passing the Ile de la Cité, on which stands Notre Dame. The low, squat Building shown in the Photograph is the famous Morgue

Police Boats on the Seine

The motor boats used by the police on the Seine, though but recently established, have already given many demonstrations of their usefulness. The *Mouette* is one of the new steam launches employed in the police service, and on board are several agents, whose business it is to patrol the Seine and to stop poaching, which has been carried on extensively of late.

New Basilica for Brussels

Brussels is to have an enormous basilica in imitation of that at Montmartre, in Paris. This will be erected on the plains of Koekelberg, a large piece of ground having been presented for the purpose by three Catholic gentlemen. The King has given his permission, but stipulated that the building should be surrounded by a large garden to be open to the public.

Caught Redhanded. "La Mouette" effects an arrest

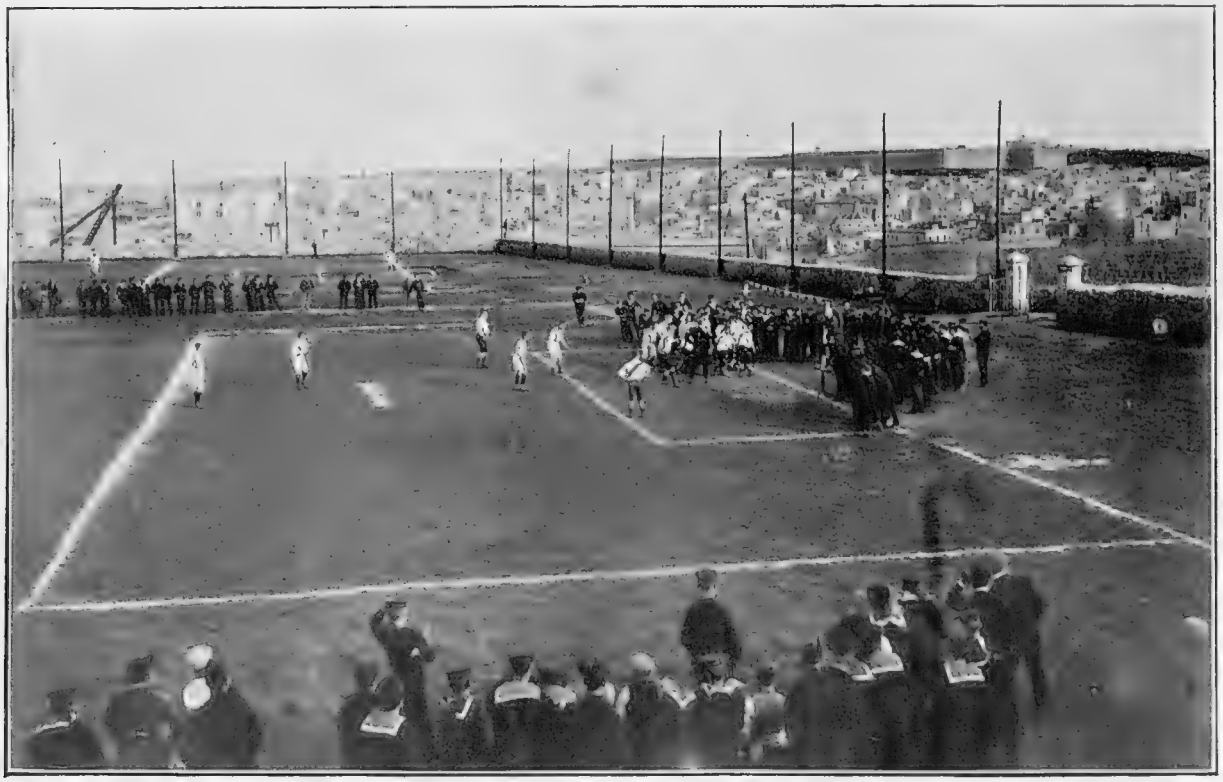

Photo by **A Tussle at Football between Teams from a Battleship and a Cruiser** *Cribb*

The Coradenia Football Ground, shown in the illustration, was laid out by the Mediterranean Fleet's Service teams, and is used for playing league matches.

Paris Cabmen

The cabman in all countries is a much maligned, and, generally speaking, a most meritorious person, for whom I have a weakness. In Paris, perhaps more than elsewhere, he often differs from the cross-grained, grumpy fellow we expect him to be, and like the burglar, who, as Mr. Gilbert tells us, loves to listen to the village brook a-gurgling when not occupied in his professional capacity, the cabman of the Ville Lumière has softer moments, and has many of them. The one in our illustration fell a victim to the photographer in just such a moment. It was the day holy

Photo by **A Battleship Football Team and their Supporters** *Cribb*

FOOTBALL IN THE KING'S NAVY AT MALTA

The Paris Jehu as a Patron of a Flower-stall is a somewhat Striking Contrast to his London Cousin

The Bratwürstglöcklein of Nuremberg
A strange building, since the side aisle of the church, shown in the picture, has been converted (or perverted) into a tavern

to Ste. Félicie, and he explained to the old boy inside the flower kiosk that little Félicie, his daughter, had begged for something bigger than a bunch of violets. "And times have not been good," said *cocher*. "Take it for thirty *sous*, then, *mon bon*," said the salesman, "and kiss the little Félicie for me." And cabby earned those thirty *sous* and a good *pourboire*, too, in a few minutes from the time we saw him.

"Nuremberg of the Red Roofs"

"At the Sign of the Times"

IS ENGLISH THE LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE?

A Conversation in Copenhagen

A few days ago it was my fortune to be making some inquiries at a shop in Copenhagen, where English was spoken. When I say English was spoken, I mean that a placard containing that statement occupied a prominent position in the shop, and gave me the courage (for I do not pretend to speak Danish myself) to enter the place and address a few questions in my native tongue to the proprietor. He was an elderly man, looking, like so many Danes, a cross between a Viking and a sea-lion, or walrus, and he clutched at his hair when I spoke. "Spik Engelsh? Ya," he said. "Yat u want?"

Between an Elderly Viking

I took this to mean that I might make known my needs to him without fear of being misunderstood, and proceeded accordingly. In a few moments we were at sea among strange vocables. My English was not his English, and his English was one I had never heard before. "Pidgin" was rich in comparison with it, and intelligible. For fear that his hair would come out in handfuls as he struggled to enunciate his sentiments, I was for beating a hasty retreat, when luckily a young man entered. The young man, I found, was the elderly Viking's assistant and spoke a different kind of English. At least it was intoned in an American way; and though I could not understand it, the young man seemed to understand me.

A Younger Viking

As he was an eminently friendly and quiet young man, I dare say we should have got on very well together, if it had not been that his master mistrusted the English that he spoke. I suppose the old man thought it was too modern, and that it was rather impertinent of the young man to try and improve upon the English which was good enough for his master. So it was, in a way, all things considered. In any case, the old man insisted on answering all my questions first, and only allowed the young man to fill up gaps which were too wide for himself to negotiate. He gave permission to the young man to speak, by thumping upon the counter, and if the young man was not brisk with the missing word, he thumped most terrifically.

And the Author

Here is a specimen of our conversation:

Myself (*clearly and slowly*): Can you tell me where——

Old Viking (*under the impression that my sentence has come to an end*): Yah! Certainement. Ik kann tell him—— (*various directions in a strange language, at the end of which I venture to proceed with my question*).

Myself: Where should I go to get——

Old Viking: Ah, w-w-what! A muss . . . (*Runic noise, prolonged for some time, and evidently broken short abruptly, for, after many efforts at the back of his throat, the Old Viking calls on the young one to step in—with a thump—*)

Young Viking: . . . . I guess, don't ye know!

Myself: To get tickets for the opera?

Old Viking: Op—op—op? (*thumping*).

Young Viking: Opera, don't ye know——

Old Viking: Ah-h-h-h! Ya-a-a! Op-er-a! U gehen to ze—to ze——(*thump*).

Young Viking: To ze weecket!

Is Reported, as Showing

I am not sure to this hour what he meant by the wicket, but, in case I have aroused any reader's kind sympathy for myself, I may as well say at this point that I eventually got the tickets I required, exhibiting in the process all the recklessness and aplomb that marks an Englishman. What I really wished to speak about (and the above is to be regarded only as the introduction to what follows in a more serious vein) is the mistakenness of the notion cherished by many patriotic people that English is destined to be the language of the future. English may be destined to be the language of the future, but I see no signs of it becoming the language of the present—outside the Empire.

That Notions Concerning

Those to whom this notion is dear encourage themselves in it by pointing out that English is already the language of the New World. They mean that it is spoken in the United States. But is it? That English is written in the United States, I admit. It may be spelt in a strange manner in not a few cases, but no one can deny that the language of American literature (excepting novels of dialogue) is the English language. Conversational American is another matter, and how far it may be traced to a common source philologists of the future will have to determine. Meanwhile, Americans themselves refer to the strange differences which they are introducing, as "*enrichments* of the Anglo-Saxon language."

The Spread of the English Tongue

It is not my business to quarrel with that description. Americans may be enriching our language (as Mr. Joe Gargery might have said), or, again, they may not. In any case they are altering it. Precisely the same is being done by all the nations of Europe. English travellers are informed by genial tourist agencies that they need not trouble about not speaking a foreign tongue. English will carry them through. Everybody—at

least in the chief centres of Europe — understands English. Never was there a more mistaken idea. The exact opposite is much nearer to the truth. One might say that hardly anyone abroad understands English, and nobody speaks it. English is not worth the intelligent foreigner's while, for he is fully persuaded—and here is my argument in a nutshell—that any gibberish will do to address an Englishman with. He knows full well the ordinary Englishman does not speak French, or German, or Russian, or Scandinavian, or anything else, and in that knowledge he sees his opportunity. He addresses the Englishman in whatever smatter occurs to him, and calls it English.

In Europe, at any rate

That is my explanation of why we go on fondly believing that Europe is studying hard to catch up with our language, even when we know—as we must know—that these people who impudently reply "Oh, yiss," or "Oh, yaw," or "Oh, oui," when we ask them if they speak English, have no more acquaintance with it than magpies. We try to think they are deferring to us, when in reality they are laughing at us. It is our own fault, of course. If we will not learn foreign languages we must expect to be treated to "pidgin." No German entering France, let us say, would ask if German were spoken there, or be annoyed if it were not; but he would be excessively annoyed if a porter or a cabman, or a guide, or a hotel-keeper were to begin gibbering at him in the monstrous chatter that is supposed to meet the needs of the Englishman abroad, and he would probably rebuke the offender in accents which might not be Parisian, but would certainly be French.

Ought Most Decidedly

We surrender ourselves from the first and suffer accordingly. The result is, that it is hardly possible for an Englishman who knows German like a native, to enter a shop in Berlin, for example, without being greeted with a string of broken bosh, such as a Chinese coolie or a year-old infant would scarcely tolerate.

To Be Revised

And just as we have to submit to these malversations of our language in foreign countries, so we are expected to submit to (and purchase) strange and loathly perversions of goods supposititiously English. I have been offered curious half-baked confectionery under the *nom-de-guerre* of "English kiks." I have had thrust upon me headgear—such as we associate alternately with Italian barrel-organ grinders and eaters of blubber who dwell beyond the Lapp-mark—under the title of "Christy's celebrated hats." I repeat it is our own fault—not so much mine, I trust, as other people's, who are nevertheless my fellow-countrymen. For the foreigner *is* intelligent, and we, outside our own country—are apt to be very simple. MINIMUS.

Lacrosse at Lord's

Our snapshot is rather a good one taken at the recent match between Middlesex and Cheshire, which was won by the latter team, by eight goals to two. One of the Cheshire centres has taken the ball in his crosse, and is about to make a try for goal. The goal-keeper shown is Scott of Middlesex, who played a good game against the Canadians last season

H.R.H. Princess Alice of Albany

Whose marriage to Prince Alexander of Teck takes place to-day (Wednesday)

Photo by *Thomson*

H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck

Photo by *W. S. Stuart*

Brocket Hall, Hatfield, which has been lent for the Royal Honeymoon by Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen

Photos by *Elsden*

The Drawing-room at Brocket Hall

Photo by *Mendelssohn*

Princess Patricia of Connaught, one of Princess Alice's Bridesmaids

THE ROYAL WEDDING

The fact that no Royal marriage has been celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for upwards of twelve years, lends an added interest to to-morrow's great function.

Princess Alice is a typical English girl, the namesake of an English Princess whose fine nature was known to a wider circle than can generally be the case with a Royal lady. Owing to the fact that the Duchess of Albany's home was at Claremont, she and her daughter were able to be constantly in town, and to take a very real and active part in philanthropic works.

Prince Alexander of Teck was born at Kensington Palace, in the spring of 1874. He is an old Etonian, and very proud of his famous school. It had always been his mother's wish that he should be a soldier, and she was delighted when he made up his mind to follow the profession of arms.

Their Majesties have shown their niece and their young kinsman signal honour. The King is himself to give the bride away, and a brilliant and large house-party has been brought together at Windsor Castle, including a crowned head, the King of Würtemberg and his beautiful consort. The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are at Frogmore this week, entertained the bridegroom and several other near relations.

Special interest attaches to the group of Royal bridesmaids, who are one and all closely related to

Photo by *Mendelssohn*

Princess Margaret of Connaught, a Bridesmaid at the Royal Wedding

the high contracting parties. Undoubtedly the prettiest little couple will be the bridegroom's nieces, Princess Mary of Wales and Princess Mary of Teck; they will carry the bride's train, while behind them will walk the two Princesses of Connaught, and Princess Hélène of Waldeck-Pyrmont. All five will wear pale blue *crepe-de-chine* frocks, trimmed with real lace, and on their hair will rest wreaths of forget-me-nots, with a single spray of white heather to bring the pair good luck.

The Royal bridal gown was made in London. It is composed of a new material, which, while giving the effect of satin, is as light as *crepe-de-chine*. The feature of the gown is the immense amount of splendid embroidery, in which chenille plays a great part. The bodice, as is always the case with a Royal bride, is cut slightly low. The Princess will wear in her hair an aigrette of orange blossom, and a very fine tiara formed of diamond wheat-ears. The veil, which Her Royal Highness will wear thrown back from her face, was made for the late Duchess of Teck, and was worn both by her and by the Princess of Wales at their weddings. It is of the finest Honiton lace, of an exquisite design, in which is introduced the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle.

The wedding ceremony will take place at the somewhat old-fashioned hour of twelve, in order that there may be served immediately after it an old-fashioned wedding-breakfast. The Royalties, headed of course by their Majesties, and the bride and bridegroom, will assemble in the State dining-room; the non-royal guests having a second wedding-

luncheon in the Waterloo Chamber. The King will propose the toast in honour of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, and it is thought likely that our Sovereign will also propose the healths of the Queen Dowager of Holland and of his other Royal guests. The bride and bridegroom will be toasted at the other luncheon by the Treasurer of the Household.

The Royal honeymoon will be spent at Brocket Hall, a splendid and historic house, within easy access of London, which has been lent to the Prince and Princess by Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen, who rent the place from Lord Cowper. It was the favourite residence both of Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston. The grounds are exceptionally beautiful, and are traversed by the river Lea.

Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, after a short sojourn in Hertfordshire, will go to the South of France, where they will spend a short time at the Villa Nevada, at Cannes. The Prince has no intention of giving up his profession, and it is said that Princess Alice has no wish to see her husband modify, in any way, his career for her sake.

Photo by *Ralph*

Princess Mary of Wales

Who is one of Princess Alice of Albany's bridesmaids

Photo by] **H.S.H. the Duchess of Teck, with Prince George and the Princesses Mary and Helena** [*R. N. Speaight*

Princess Mary the little girl in the foreground of the picture is one of the bridesmaids at the Royal wedding

CONCERNING SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH

The only nickname Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has ever had with the public, came to him somewhat late in life. It is certainly but a few years since he became, by the general agreement of His Majesty's subjects, "Black Michael"; and he is now in his sixty-seventh year. But age makes surprisingly little difference to Sir Michael, and the stranger who should be told how close the baronet is to three-score years and ten, would be almost as much astonished as if he he had been told (what would be true), that Mr. Chamberlain is an older man still. There is not much to choose, in point of vigour and pertinacity, between the two fiery elders who lead the opposing hosts in the battle within the Unionist Party. For all know that Sir Michael is one of the sixty or so Members of the House of Commons who would vote against anything that they considered Protectionist, and that he is one of the Free Trade Committee of his Party which was formed last Session. Things happen oddly enough now and then, and there is humour in the fact that the character of "Black Michael" was created in a famous novel, by Mr. Anthony Hope, all unconscious that he was framing a nickname, to be handed down the ages, for one whose dearest political beliefs he had assailed in the course of more than one Liberal candidature. Now, however, the Radical author and the Tory statesman have politics in common.

Why "Black?" Sir Michael is of a dark type, physically; but that is not the reason. The truth is, that the Member for West Bristol has a power of inspiring dread such as few of his colleagues in the House have, or would think it safe to have. He is a bad man to cross. He holds his opinions not merely tenaciously and resolutely, but dangerously. What goes on at Cabinet Councils no one ever knows (unless ministers grow confidential on platforms, as in some cases lately); but outside those mysterious conclaves Sir Michael has been known to say dreadful things. Eminent and portly politicians have been seen to whisk out of his room at the House, as if something rabid were at their heels; and it is even whispered, that expressions of a force which it is hard to convey in a whisper, were heard from within the perilous apartment before its door slammed. Even those who do not like to admit that Cabinet Ministers are human, are often heard to refer to Sir Michael as "the most outspoken man in the House."

He has earned the title in his public, as well as in his private, capacity; for no statesman has spoken out more roundly than he on certain subjects. He will no doubt be pleased with the reorganisation of the War Office that is now promised us; for it was he who rapped out, a year ago, that "They would never reform the War Office until they made the great mass of military officers pay more attention to the duties of their profession, and removed all those outside influences which now interfered in the management of the army, and with the selection for appointments and promotion." And, again, it was Sir Michael who warned the country in 1902, speaking of the steady increase of expenditure, that we "could not go on in this way." It was Lord Goschen, Sir Michael's predecessor at the Exchequer, who once, in a momentary descent to colloquial language, avowed to the House his resolve to "sit tight on the Treasury Chest"—a phrase which caused the publication of a highly improper cartoon, giving to the word "tight" a significance which it was not intended to bear. But no Chancellor ever sat tighter on that Chest than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The Boer War cost enough; but it would have cost much more if Sir Michael had not kept so fast a hold on the purse-strings.

The foregoing reference to Lord Goschen and the cartoon reminds me to mention that Sir Michael is a "whole hog" abstainer. He indulges in no alcoholic drink, nor in coffee, nor tea, nor tobacco He abstained from all these a few years ago, and as this is the kind of habit to which one quickly becomes a slave, we have no doubt he is abstaining still. Probably no Chancellor of the Exchequer ever contributed so little to his own indirect taxes as Sir Michael. That he abstains from holding public office is the loss of his country, and immeasurably the loss of the Government, of which he was one of the strongest members.

He does not, however, abstain from politics, as his action on the Fiscal question showed, and much may yet be heard of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. His experience of public life is an invaluable aid to any cause; for he is, as most people know, "the Father of the House" in virtue of his forty years of Parliamentary life, and has held, successively, the posts of Under-Secretary of the Home Department, Irish Secretary, Colonial Secretary, President of the Board of Trade, and (twice) Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was he who turned out Mr. Gladstone, in 1885, on the proposed increase in the beer and spirit duties. It was he who invented the phrase, "The Open Door." It was he who laid it down, that "the real ship which bears the Chancellor of the Exchequer and this country over a stormy ocean is the Income Tax." It was he who sold a bit of land on Salisbury Plain to the War Office some years ago—an affair in which that Department, though Sir Michael speaks so ill of it, behaved with the noblest generosity.

He comes of a fine family of Elizabethan foundation, and it may or may not be of scientific interest to note that the first Sir Michael Hicks, who died in 1612, was secretary to Lord Treasurer Burghley. His great-grandfather assumed the name of Beach by Royal licence. His grandfather had the advantage of the services of Sydney Smith as private tutor. He himself is of that grand type of country gentleman of which England is so proud, beloved by his tenants, a noted rider to hounds in his time, a farmer on his own account, and a patriot and statesman on his country's.

"Black Michael"

At the Adelphi Theatre

"THE EARL AND THE GIRL"

JIM CHEESE, to RICHARD WARGRAVE (Mr. Henry Lytton) when the change of identity is proposed :

"What is it Guvnor? murder or dog-stealing? or have you and your old woman been drunk and disorderly?"

JIM CHEESE to RICHARD WARGRAVE :

"Twenty pounds! Will I do it? Why, I'd sell the blooming dogs and throw in Liza as a bit of make-weight"

JIM CHEESE, to RICHARD WARGRAVE : "Right you are. For one night only you're Jim Cheese, the Dog Trainer, and I'm Richard Wargrave"

DOWNHAM (an American Solicitor) discovers that "Richard Wargrave" is the Earl of Stole :

"Here's £500 on account, and as much more as you like."

A CHANGE OF IDENTITY

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Copyright photo **Elphin Haye (Miss Agnes Fraser)** *The Bartholomew Publishing Co.*

When a maiden leaves schoool, as a rule,
And returns to her friends and relations,
In the style of her dress, more or less,
They'll begin to make some alterations.

There are lots of things that they won't allow
At bad behaviour they're apt to frown.
Fo she's really getting a big girl now,
So her hair goes up and her dress goes down.

A. Bunker Bliss, a Fire-eating Colonel (Mr. John C. Dixon) to Downham, an American Solicitor (Mr. M. R. Morand): "I'm looking for the Earl of Stole, too, and when I find him I won't do a thing to him! Oh dear, no!"

Jim Cheese (Mr. Walter Passmore):
"What have I done? Tell me the worst."
Downham an American Solicitor (Mr. M. R. Morand).
"Nothing. You are the long-lost Earl of Stole."

Mr. Talk (Mr. Frank Elliston):
"I'm Mr. Talk, of Tick and Talk, Solicitors. Do you want to sell the ormolu clock on the drawing-room mantelpiece?'

Jim Cheese (sings):
"And all I want is partridge for my breakfast,
A champagne fountain sprinkling at my feet,
Pierpont Morgan waiting on the table,
And Sousa's Band a-playing while I eat."

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The Bartholomew Publishing Co.

Jim Cheese (Mr. Walter Passmore) sings :

" I'm a Lord, what ho ! I'm a lord, don't cher know
I've a palace in Park Lane, and several country houses ;

The Last Figure in the Gavotte

Miss Virginia Bliss (Miss Phyllis Broughton) Jim Cheese (Mr. Walter Passmore)

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Copyright *The Bartholomew Publishing Co.*

Liza Shoddam, Jim's girl (Miss Florence Lloyd), to the would-be Jim Cheese (Mr. Henry Lytton):
"Do take me out and treat me like a grass widow, won't you?"

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Mrs. Shimmering Black (Miss Helen Kinnaird) to Jim Cheese (Mr. Walter Passmore): "How old are you, little boy?" "Thirty eight, mum." "Then get off my knee, you wretch."

Photo by *Bassano*

The Flower Scene from "The Earl and the Girl" at the Adelphi

OUR SHORT STORY

THE BULL AND THE CHINA

By R. E. VERNÈDE

I

Elizabeth skated upon the lake. At the far end of this same sheet of glass, white mountains towered into the bluest of skies, betokening Switzerland. The sun shone as if to mock Elizabeth's furs, and the pink grew in her cheeks as she practised rockers assiduously.

"Forward inside to forward outside," she murmured, accommodating the motion to the words, "and ——" She rocked without further speech, balanced by her muff. This placed her necessarily, as skaters will perceive, upon the backward outside edge. Whereupon she became aware of a man in the offing —so to speak. He must have been creeping up for some minutes past. Elizabeth frowned. Frowns signifiy either displeasure or perplexity, and Elizabeth's may be taken to have signified both. For one thing, she had been under the impression that this corner of the lake was for the time being her own private property, and she was displeased to have it invaded. There was plenty of room for this Mr. Fairley—or anybody else—on any other part of the lake, for most of the hotel-people were elsewhere tobogganing, as Elizabeth would have been, but for the fact that her aunt had commanded her presence at 3.30 punctually, for the purpose of having a novel read to her; and the lake was handier than the toboggan-run, if one was pressed for time. For another thing, Mrs. Richardson (this being the name of Elizabeth's aunt) had upon first sight of Mr. Fairley, expressed undisguised astonishment—not to say indignation—at the idea of people like Mr. Fairley and with Mr. Fairley's Canadian accent having the audacity to instal themselves in the Hôtel de Alpes. Mrs. Richardson had remarked this to Mrs. Carter and the Finlasons, speaking of "Mr. Fairley—or whatever the man's name might be," as one might speak of a bull in a china-shop. They had agreed with her. The truth is the Hôtel des Alpes was rather considered to be under the winter suzerainty of Mrs. Richardson, the Finlasons, and others; and though the proprietor nominally maintained an open door, unknown visitors were made to understand that they must justify their intrusion by not falling below a certain unwritten standard of polite breeding. This justification Mr. Fairley had not given. He was, it seemed, essentially "Colonial."

That is why Elizabeth viewed his approach with perplexity. However little he had justified his stay in the Hôtel des Alpes, he had been most polite to her in quite unpretending and simple ways. Not that he had put himself forward, as Mrs. Richardson assumed he would, or done anything except what people constantly meeting in a hotel must do in the way of friendly recognition. He had only made the best of small opportunities. And, since he had not presumed, Elizabeth had had no chance of following her aunt's instructions and snubbing the man. She had been rather glad of this. She did not share Mrs. Richardson's delight in snubbing. Only—and this is why Elizabeth frowned—a chance of snubbing seemed about to present itself.

She came round on the inside forward, in a position to receive Mr. Fairley's salutation.

"Good afternoon," she said, in acknowledgment of it.

"Good afternoon," said the young man. He was lithe and big and hearty to look at. If only he would move on! It was his plain duty so to do, and, to encourage him in this proper course, Elizabeth cut a nervous three in the reverse direction. Mr. Fairley stood at ease and watched. Coming round in a circle, Elizabeth perceived that he had no intention of moving on. This was intolerable. She sought materials for a snub with a rising colour, and, being unsuccessful, came to a standstill. Perhaps that might make him reconsider his position. The hope was a vain one.

"I like to see a lady skate well," said Mr. Fairley.

If he had spoken apologetically, as the circumstances undoubtedly required (for a young woman does not care to be watched as if she were a bear in a pit climbing a pole for buns), Elizabeth might have pardoned the presumption. As no apology seemed to be conveyed in his tone, Elizabeth felt justified in being severe.

"Thank you, for a compliment," she said crushingly. It was not the words, of course, that were crushing so much as the voice, and that was very crushing. Most unfortunately, Mr. Fairley did not seem to realise the fact.

"It's not a compliment," he said. "I'm not a great hand at compliments anyway. It's true that you skate well. I've watched you for some time." The Colonial accent was perceptible.

"Oh!" said Elizabeth.

"I hope you don't mind?" said Mr. Fairley considerately.

"Not at all."

Elizabeth said this, because there was nothing else to be said. Sarcasm cannot compete with simplicity, she felt.

"I thought you would skate well," Mr. Fairley continued, "because you carry yourself so well. You remind me of——"

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Elizabeth gasped, despaired, and interrupted :

"If you're going to stop and talk to me," she said, "you must talk about something more interesting. The weather, for instance. Is it—is it colder than in Canada? It's rather cold standing here. Let us skate towards the hotel. I have to be in at half-past three. "You are Canadian, aren't you? I mean——" They were skating side by side, and Elizabeth bit her lips as she realised that it was she who was being presumptuous now—as presumption is usually understood. "Please don't answer. It's very rude of me to ask," she added in her vexation.

"Is it?" asked Mr. Fairley wonderingly. He seemed to have been listening with pleasure.

"Yes, yes, very."

"I don't think you could be rude if you tried," he answered; "and you've guessed quite right about my being Canadian. It's a lot colder where I come from——"

"And—and better skating?" said Elizabeth, desperately eager to keep the conversation in safe channels. They were just nearing the landing-stage.

"I've never seen a girl skate better than you," said Mr. Fairley with decision.

Elizabeth retired into the hotel with a consciousness that she had not yet mastered the art of snubbing. She had only been rude where she had tried to be cold, and she had certainly come off second-best—assuming that she had been engaged in a struggle. As Mrs. Richardson's niece, she ought to have been engaged in a struggle to quell familiarity, and ought also to have conquered. But you cannot triumph over sheer simplicity or penetrate where there is no joint in the harness. The point to be considered was, whether Mr. Fairley was aware of his victory and would press the attack—in other words, avail himself of the precedent he had undoubtedly established of being, to put it mildly, on speaking terms? Mrs. Richardson would not approve, if he did. Nor would Elizabeth, of course, though the man was amusing—in his way. Simple people so often are.

II

It was some days after this before Mr. Fairley showed any unmistakable signs of following up his success. Elizabeth had not skated by herself upon the lake again, and that might have been one reason. She had joined the Finlason's party, and tobogganed for three successive afternoons, not altogether sorry that Mrs. Carter had developed symptoms of lumbago during these days, since Mrs. Carter's consequent detention indoors, by invitation, in Mrs. Richardson's rooms, gave her this desirable emancipation. Mrs. Richardson loved conversation even more than a novel, and she could carry on the former without her niece's assistance. So Elizabeth spent her time whirring down the great three-cornered run as fancy-free as the process of whirring tends to make one. Once, when Major Finlason (who, like many retired Army officers, was always inventing something original—in this case a new method of steering) shot Elizabeth and himself into a drift hitherto considered to be beyond the reach of even the most inexperienced of amateurs, Mr. Fairley appeared unexpectedly upon the spot, and assisted in extricating the snow-bound victims; at other times he exchanged a remark in passing about the weather (he had evidently taken Elizabeth's advice to heart), or about some similarly neutral topic. No one could say that he put himself forward. As a result, he began to be put forward by other people. Elizabeth overheard some remarks about Fairley being a very decent fellow, quiet, and not bumptious, like some people. The Grierlys invited him to join them in an expedition they made over one of the mountain passes; he was to play in the next hockey match, and it seemed he knew what he was about both at curling and bridge. In fact, there was every likelihood of his receiving the freedom of the Hôtel des Alpes before the end of the week, when Mrs. Richardson entered a protest.

She had persistently been short-sighted on occasions when persons of ordinary optical powers could not have failed to see Mr. Fairley; as, for example, when the company filed into the hall of the hotel after dinner for coffee, and even the outer circle of visitors were acknowledged, by a word or a bow, to have an existence. Whether this persevering inability to see, at close quarters, a man whose size alone made him rather conspicuous resulted from a suspicion that the man had the audacity—when further removed from view—to address her niece on equal terms, only Mrs. Richardson knew. She had said not ing dir ctly to Elizabeth about him, only generalising in a mournful way about the decline and fall of the Hôtel des Alpes from its standard of visitors in previous winters. She also spoke of being unable to return there another year, if this sort of thing was going to continue. When Mr. Fairley said good evening to her niece, Mrs. Richardson was deaf. But when—and this was the cause of the protest above mentioned—Mr. Fairley, in pursuance obviously of the most sinister design, ventured one evening, not only to offer a greeting to her niece, but to open upon Mrs. Richardson herself, that lady felt the time was come to use her pince-nez.

"I guess, ma'am, that the frost is going to hold on here another month for certain." That was Mr. Fairley's remark, addressed unmistakably to Mrs. Richardson, and she could not know at what pains he had been to confine it to the weather.

"I beg your pardon?" Mrs. Richardson had a presence which her pince-nez made dire. Elizabeth, who was standing by, trembled on the verge of tears, or laughter, or both.

"I guessed, ma'am, that this frost was going to hold on another month," said Mr. Fairley, with gravity.

"Indeed!" Mrs. Richardson swept the horizon beyond Mr. Fairley's shoulder.

"From what I know of frosts, and from what the people here seem to think, I should say it's a certainty," Mr. Fairley announced, unconscious, apparently, that he was being overlooked. Mrs. Richardson's pince-nez was now directed upon him in a slow, deliberate manner.

"I am speaking to——" she suggested delicately.

"My name is George Fairley."

"Ah, I have not the pleasure of acquaintance, I think." Mrs. Richardson's tone signified polite regret, marked resignation, and unmistakable dismissal. Her lowered pince-nez denoted that she no longer saw

Mr. Fairley. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it was intended to denote this, for, as the event proved, Mr. Fairley misapprehended the motion.

"That's the worst of these hotels," he said. "People are very slow to know one another at them. Out West, we do things quicker, and I think you'd say better. But I'm not wanting to quarrel with different customs—this is Europe for certain. Only I'll be glad to say, ma'am, that your acquaintance would give *me* pleasure."

Elizabeth, looking towards her aunt as this sincere and irresistible information was proffered, saw that assistance was necessary. Mrs. Richardson, like herself, had been routed, and was in full flight,

"She quickened her pace for very shame, and then he caught her by the sleeve. She stopped; her shame turned into anger; for what right had he to do this thing?

figuratively speaking. Literally, too, for that matter.

"Thank you," she gasped, "I really——Elizabeth, my dear, I think my smelling-salts are——Perhaps we had better go up together. Already quite late, is it not dear? Really——I had no idea——"

"Allow me," said Mr. Fairley, picking up the shawl which had slipped from Mrs. Richardson's shoulders in her agitation. "I hope you are not feeling faint, ma'am."

"Thank you—I—er——" Mrs. Richardson bustled away upon her niece's arm, so demoralised that she actually bowed to the aggressor. It was the thought of this self-inflicted humiliation which more than anything else evoked her fury upstairs. She would have Herr Schmutz, the proprietor, summoned on the instant. She would acquaint him with the intolerable class of guest he was encouraging, to the ruin of his hotel. She would have Mr. Fairley evicted, bag and baggage, before the night was passed. Only the strenuous application of smelling-salts and sal volatile warded off an apoplectic fit, the menace of which was so far beneficial that Mrs. Richardson consented to retire to bed and not to move in the Fairley business until Major Finlason had been consulted. Elizabeth had to convey the letter, asking for an interview with that gallant officer as soon after breakfast as possible, over to Mrs. Finlason before she herself was allowed to retire for the night. She dreamed of Mr. Fairley on a very small toboggan, with all his baggage piled around him, being shoved over a precipice by the united force of her aunt and the major. He took off his hat very politely to them as he went.

III

Major Finlason came forth from his interview with Mrs. Richardson in a depressed frame of mind. He had a great admiration for Mrs. Richardson, and no commander-in-chief in the days of yore could have reckoned upon his more cordial obedience. At the same time, the task she had set him was hideous to contemplate. As he said to his wife, who was the first to be told of his commission—

"'Pon my soul, Jessie, it's—it's too much to ask a man of my age——"

"But what *does* she want you to do?" asked Mrs. Finlason.

"I don't know," said the Major. "She looked horsewhips—only I said a row wouldn't do. Then she wanted me to get Schmutz to turn him out. I said Schmutz mightn't see it, and we mustn't let foreigners anyhow. So she ended up by getting me to say I'd speak my mind to Fairley himself——"

"Her mind, you mean," said his wife.

"I suppose so."

"It was very silly of you to promise anything," Mrs. Finlason decided. "I don't see that Mr. Fairley has done anything rude, and I don't see what you're going to do that won't be rude. You ought to have known by now that Mrs. Richardson is always riding her dignity too hard. A cat may look at a king."

Mrs. Finlason, it may be seen, had for various reasons come round to Mr. Fairley, and was not disposed to encourage her husband.

"I know all that," said the Major pettishly. "The question is, how am I to tell Fairley he's not to talk to the old ca——lady? He's a decent enough young fellow. Lost five and six to him last night."

"Really, Bob, I don't know," said his wife. "If you make rash promises, you can't expect me to advise you how to keep them."

The Major went forth in despair. Having promised, however, he was bound in honour to do as he was asked, and, to a retired cavalry officer, a straightforward movement seemed the best. He sought Mr. Fairley out, and, finding him in the smoking-room, went at once to the point.

"Seems, sir, you introduced yourself to a lady, Mrs. Richardson, last night."

"Old lady—handsome—with eye-glasses?" said Mr. Fairley. "Stiff back?"

"Yes," said the Major, "Mrs. Richardson is a friend of—my wife and myself."

"I guessed that," said Mr. Fairley. "I'd like to know Mrs. Richardson."

Major Finlason coughed.

"Well, sir, that's the difficulty. That's what I've come here to talk about. Mrs. Richardson is—she asked me, in short, to say—in other words—she is er—too old (the Major looked about him guiltily as the fib formed), too old, sir, to appreciate new acquaintances. She asked me to say so. I don't enjoy saying it—because—I need hardly say—it's obvious that——"

Mr. Fairley nodded comprehension.

"I'm real sorry to hear that," he said frankly. "And it's what I guessed from noticing that she seemed kind of sick when I spoke up to her, which I shouldn't have done if it could be avoided. I'm not wrong in supposing, Major, that you're in a kind of way looking after her and her niece?"

"Exactly," said the Major. "Very old friends—you understand—abroad—by themselves——"

"That's it," said Mr. Fairley. "That's why I think I wouldn't be wrong in letting out to you that why I'd like to know Mrs. Richardson is because I'm very greatly attracted by Miss Elizabeth Richardson. In fact, sir"—Mr. Fairley pulled out his watch—"I'm going right away out now to ask her if she'll be so kind as to let me know if I look anything like the kind of man she'd marry." He rose as he spoke.

"Oh Lord!" said Major Finlason. "I wish you luck—I mean, damn it—good-morning."

"I thank you kindly," said Mr. Fairley, with great sobriety.

Elizabeth was in revolt that morning. After the interview with Major Finlason, her aunt looked forward with a good deal of complacency to a couple of hours' rest upon a sofa, while Elizabeth read aloud one of the interminably sentimental novels in which people of no sentiment so often take delight. Mrs. Richardson spoke of her nerves as having been a good deal shaken by "all this odious business," and closed her eyes delicately.

"It's given me a headache, too," said Elizabeth. "So, if you don't mind, I'll tell Simpson to come up and read to you. I want to skate——"

"What?" said Mrs. Richardson sharply.

"I'm going on to the lake," said her niece. There was so decided a note in her voice, that her aunt, though astonished and annoyed, appeared to realise that her maid, whose reading she detested, would have to do for the next few hours.

"Be just as selfish as you please, my dear," she said self-pityingly.

"I'm sorry," Elizabeth answered.

"And don't forget to ring for Simpson immediately——"

Elizabeth was not so selfish as to be unable to see selfishness in others. She had been her aunt's companion for three years now, and though that aunt's childish temper of the night before over a matter of small importance was nothing new in itself, yet something in the circumstances made Elizabeth more conscious and less tolerant than usual. Her sense of humour, which had helped her so often, had failed; and the doctrine of exclusiveness, which Elizabeth had been prone to listen to half in scorn and half in agreement, seemed to have shown itself in its ugly shape. Elizabeth pictured herself growing to her aunt's age, with a pride as childish and a mind as narrow. The very notion of it gave her a headache, so that it was not without justification that she had decided for the brisk air and exercise. She could not have contained herself indoors. She could hear herself, in fancy, saying straight out that it was she—and not Mr. Fairley—who was "essentially Colonial"—if that was to mean essentially mannerless and mean-spirited. With the spread of the ice before her, Elizabeth—it is true—grew a little less intense in her denunciation of self and aunt, and as she struck out for the further and deserted part of the lake, would even have felt able to smile at the whole odious business but for the fact that there still remained to be faced the results of Major Finlason's mission. Of course, Major Finlason would carry it out as nicely as possible; only—it was impossible that it should be nicely carried out, and she—Elizabeth herself—was concerned in it. She felt hot to think of Mr. Fairley thinking of her as sending a message to say she thought herself too grand to be addressed by him. That was what it came to—what he would think. For he was not so simple as she had imagined at first. Somehow she knew that now. Neither so simple nor so Colonial; in no way whatever beneath her. On the contrary— —

"Oh, dear!" said Elizabeth, half aloud, and heard at that moment the ring of skate-blades in her rear. She turned her head without stopping.

"Good morning. I saw you from the window of the smoking-room!"

Mr. Fairley announced himself in his usual rather s'ow manner, without any shortness, considering that he had been chasing her for a couple of miles, with a four minutes' handicap.

And all Elizabeth could say was, "Did you?" It sounded curt, and she did not wish to appear curt. "I didn't know the smoking-room looked out on the lake," she added, upon reflection.

They were skating side by side now, and Elizabeth thought of her former attempt to snub him. She did not feel like trying now, even when he said, "Am I going too fast for you?" as though she had particularly invited him to escort her.

"No; I feel as if I wanted to go fast," she said.

"So do I," said the young man. "But I want you to keep some breath to answer me with. Slower, please." Elizabeth obeyed mechanically, and he went on: "I've had in mind what you suggested about the weather—for conversation—ever since Monday, and I don't find I care for it. I want to talk of something else."

"Yes?" said Elizabeth meekly.

"I came to this hotel ten days ago," said Mr Fairley, "and found it belonged to a clique: pleasant enough people, but enjoying their own company better than outsiders'. I don't blame them for that, though I'm not used to being cold-shouldered. What I don't like is, these pleasant people imagining that I'd hang on to them till they smiled, and then be as pleased as if I'd struck a gold mine. I wouldn't. It isn't my way—not as a rule. But you say I did it. So I did; and I'd do it again for the same purpose."

Elizabeth's cheeks were on fire, but she said nothing; and he continued:

"I hung on so good and meek that they'd nearly all got a smile up for me except the only persons I wanted it from. That made me wild. I don't care for waiting—not much; so I introduced myself to your aunt, who was one of the persons. Why didn't I get an introduction from some of the people I knew? Well, because I didn't think it would act. I'd have worked up all the manners for men, though they are not in my line, if I'd thought there was any chance of their paying; and when I saw there wasn't, I did what I thought was fair."

Why had she thought him simple? Elizabeth wondered. He had seen everything through and through, and it was all so little! She quickened her pace for very shame, and then he caught her by the sleeve. She stopped; her shame turned into anger; for what right had he to do this thing?

"Major Finlason's just been giving me a message," he said, taunting her, it seemed, though he had been speaking in his sober voice all the time.

"Then how dare you come after me?" she flashed back.

"Because I don't choose to take a message like that from any old fool you can name," he said, and his voice was so changed that she was astounded.

"Because, if I'm to know that this is the last time I talk to you, you've got to give me the message yourself. I'm not going to have any more, sweet little iceberg——"

It might have been about ten minutes later that Major Finlason, if he were still in the smoking-room, the windows of which commanded the lake, might have seen Elizabeth and Mr. Fairley skating towards the hotel in the most friendly proximity. They were both good skaters, and would have been worth watching if only for that reason; but those who like to see two people join hands across endless barriers of prejudice and error would have had still more reason to watch them.

NOTE.—*Our Short Story next week will be "The Tragedy of a Comic Song," by Leonard Merrick.*

Arundel Castle, the Duke of Norfolk's Magnificent Sussex Seat

Photos by *White and Son*

The Library at Arundel Castle

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF ARUNDEL CASTLE

Arundel Castle: the Great Hall

Photos by *White and Son*

Swanbourne Lake, Arundel, Showing the Castle in the Distance

WHERE THE NEW DUCHESS OF NORFOLK WILL PRESIDE

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Tree as Zakkuri in "The Darling of the Gods"

A Japanese *rôle* affords Mr. Tree another chance of demonstrating his versatility in characterisation and 'make-up'

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

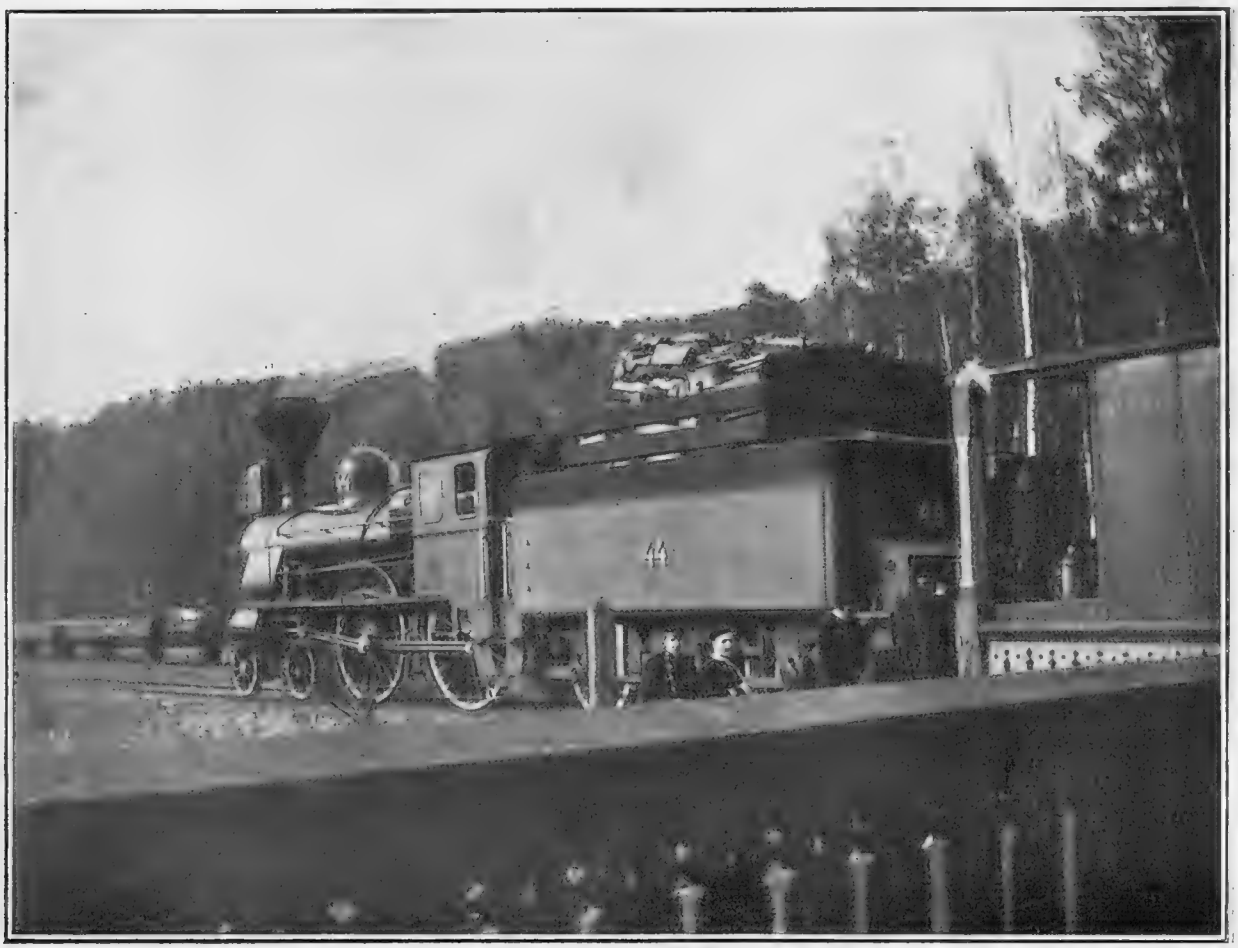
Miss Lena Ashwell as Yo-San

In *The Darling of the Gods*, at His Majesty's Theatre

RUSSIAN TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES IN THE EVENT OF WAR

The Russian Railway Official is an Autocrat on a small Scale

A Group of 3rd Class Passengers ("Moujiks") Humbly Waiting for Permission to Enter a Train



Russian Engine, built to Burn Wood. The Tender is Piled up with Birchwood

The Russian Porter has Ample Time for Cogitation Between the Arrival of Trains

Travelling in Russia is a Chilly Business, even for a "Moujik," as the Cars are Draughty and Unheated

In the event of war between Russia and Japan, Russia's great difficulty will be in her lines of communication. It was thought that the Trans-Siberian Railway, once completed, would give her an almost insuperable advantage. As a matter of fact, the strategical importance of this railway has been much over-estimated.

To begin with, the permanent way is so badly laid that no train is allowed to travel over it at more than twenty miles an hour. Even at this modest speed the vibration is a thing to wonder at, and the average speed in miles per hour is nearer eight.

Again, the line is some 5,000 miles long, and, even in the absence of complications, it would speedily become choked in the event of men and stores having to be hurried to the front.

Complications, however, would be by no means absent. The fact that a great proportion of the line runs through hostile territory makes it obvious how terribly difficult it would be to supply the Russian troops in Manchuria with food, and to bring further troops to the spot. When it is remembered, further, that the engines are, for the most part, of the old-fashioned type, constructed to burn wood, and that there is very little wood left to burn, the difficulties seem almost insurmountable.

To say that much of the line runs through hostile country is no mere figure of speech. In the first place, the Chinese irreconcilables would be only too glad of an opportunity to harass the hated Russ. Moreover, it has been freely stated, and there seems no reason to doubt the statement, that 200 or more Japanese

A Wayside Railway Station in Russia

Notice the "droshkies" in the badly kept but picturesque station-yard

A Russian Peasant Travelling with all His Worldly Goods and Chattels

military engineers are distributed along the railway disguised as Chinese coolies, hairdressers, and so on, and no assurance is needed that in situations of this kind the Japanese officer considers his own life as of no account in comparison with the common weal.

There can be no doubt at all, then, that the Russian lines of communication would run grave risk of being cut. Indeed, Mr. H. Fulford Bush, who has just come to London after a long residence in the Far East, gave it as his opinion, a short time ago, that, in the event of hostilities, the railway would be broken in at least a dozen places within a fortnight of the declaration of war.

If war does come, Russia will have many difficulties to face; and her own immensity will be by no means the least of them. H. J. F.

A Russian Engine at "Full Speed" (20 miles per hour)

Photo by *Voigt*

Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse and Her Six Sons

Guests at the Wedding of Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice of Albany

ON BOARD A RUSSIAN WARSHIP

Gun-drill on Board a Russian Warship

The Messing Arrangements are more Primitive than those which Obtain on an English War Vessel

IN A PUBLIC LIBRARY

By INGLIS ALLEN

It is not merely to gain a briet shelter from the rain that I have turned into the public library. It is Saturday evening, and I would fain see what the literary papers have to say about my new book. I am not one of those who affect indifference to their opinions. On the contrary, I have seldom perused them without finding food for thought, and often for the keenest enjoyment. I am sane enough, too, to recognise the necessity of our having someone to tell us what books we ought to enjoy. Such papers will have the support of every well-balanced mind; and, say what you will, you sour and disappointed authors, you can never deny that they carry very great weight.

Applying my shoulder to a heavy swing door I pass into the outer vestibule, where a harassed looking man is doling literature across a counter to a crowd of wet and dejected people. Threading my way through these I advance, through another swing door, into the reading-room, an ugly, electric-lit hall of spacious dimensions, where quite a number of the reading population are engaged in improving their minds: some plodding in the most praiseworthy manner through the leading articles in the newspapers; others, no less laudably, facing the latest fiscal oration; a few scanning the advertisement columns, but the greatest number deep in the high-class illustrated papers, deriving, I am sure, no less benefit than their betters from a survey of the latest photograph of "Griselda, the charming little twelve year old daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Fullalove," or of "Sir Sterling Gottlotz, M.P., in his 12 h.p. car." At a small table in the corner, the attendant, a dignified man of authoritative person, is engaged with a terrible little instrument on rollers in stifling, beneath an implacable layer of black paint, the less improving sections of the evening papers.

With pleasant feelings of moral security I advance to the centre of the room, and take my seat at a stout table, heavily laden with the weekly and monthly reviews.

Alas! it seems to me that I am too early, or else, perhaps, I am doomed to be ignored, for so far I can find no reference to my frivolous efforts in any of the reviews, either under the heading of "Literature" or "Novels." (I am kept in good humour, however, by the information — under "Literature" — that Mr. Wordsworth Andwater's latest work, "Poems of the Conscience," shows that he is possessed of "real intellect, as distinct from artistic power.") Still, there are one or two papers yet. I look round the table, and then, for the first time, am struck by the appearance of my neighbour.

Sprawling in his chair, half-facing me, with one elbow on the table, his head supported by one hand, is the figure of a man in wet and muddy corduroys. His eyes are closed and he is breathing heavily; insecurely balanced on his head is a bowler hat that is positively smothered in liquid mud. Now and again he half opens his eyes and surveys lazily the paper upon which his elbow rests, and upon the open pages of which a little lagoon of mud has gathered from the still dripping bowler hat—a paper which I recognise, with overwhelming sensations, as no other than that enlightened guide of modern thought and progress, the *Weekly Ructator*.

While I am still spellbound at the sight of a respectable-looking man at the opposite side of the table, whom I had previously noticed to be deep in an article on the subject of Food Taxation, he pushes aside his paper and begins to look round the table. Soon his eye lights on my neighbour's paper, and thence travels to the symbolical figure of my neighbour himself, whom he surveys with displeasure. He leans across to me.

"Is that the *Ructator*?" he asks.

I readily answer in the affirmative, and await developments. The respectable man stretches his hand across the table and grasps the paper. My neighbour half opens his eyes.

"Wosermarrer?" he observes.

"I wish to read that paper," answers the other severely, "if you've done with it."

My neighbour pulls the paper more securely under his elbow.

"I ain't done with it," he observes, and shuts his eyes again. The respectable man looks indignantly round the table. I encourage him with a glance.

"It's scandalous!" he declares. "Just look at your hat!"

My neighbour opens his eyes again.

"It's my own 'at, ain't it?" he demands.

"Look at the state it's made the paper in," says the other.

"Ain't the paper public property?" inquires my neighbour.

"Certainly it is," says the respectable man with heat, "that's just what I mean."

"Then why don't yer say it?" queries my neighbour.

This seems to confuse the respectable man a little. He gathers himself together.

"The Library's here for deeent people to come in and improve their minds," he observes.

"An' I was improvin' my mind," returns my neighbour, "until I went ter sleep over it."

"Then why don't you give up the *Ructator*?" demands the other.

"Becos I ain't done with it," replies my neighbour, and closes his eyes again. The respectable man surveys him savagely.

"The *Ructator*," he says, "is here for respectable people to read (here I nod applause), and not for you to go to sleep on and cover with filthy mud."

(All rights reserved)

My neighbour half opens one eye.

"Paper's public property," he observes, "an' public can do what they like with it. You want it ter read, an' I want it ter go ter sleep on."

A point of view which is altogether beyond the comprehension of the respectable man, though not at all beyond mine. I repress a desire to explain.

"It's scandalous!" exclaims the respectable man, looking at me. "Fancy a man coming to the table here and going to sleep (I repress myself again), and keeping the *Ructator* from respectable people! I shall fetch the attendant!"

"Fetch 'im," observes my neighbour, without opening his eyes.

The respectable man rises angrily, and makes his way over to the attendant, who, having put the sporting columns into mourning, is engaged in attaching the papers to their boards. With little delay he accompanies the other to the table, and roughly shakes my neighbour.

"Here, you go on outside," he says.

My neighbour opens his eyes resentfully.

"I've perfect right in the Lib'ry," he observes. "Lib'ry belongs ter the workin' man, an' I came in 'ere ter go ter sleep."

"You can't go ter sleep in 'ere," says the attendant, "an' deface the papers like that. Go on outside." And he makes an attempt to dislodge the *Ructator* from my neighbour's elbow.

"Ive perfect right 's a British workin' man," says my neighbour firmly, taking a grasp of the *Ructator* with his disengaged hand, "ter go ter sleep in the Libr'y, an' I ain't done with the paper."

"Now, then, are you goin' or not?" demands the attendant.

"Not," observes my neighbour with conviction, shutting his eyes.

"Isn't there a constable anywhere?" puts in the respectable man.

The attendant makes a sign to him to wait, and stumps resolutely out through the swing doors. The respectable man remains standing, regarding my neighbour with a look of mingled anger and expectant triumph.

Suddenly my neighbour opens his eyes, and rises unsteadily to his feet. Still maintaining his grasp on the *Ructator* with one hand, he removes his muddy hat with the other, and deliberately wipes it upon the open pages, after which act of criticism he throws down the paper upon the table before his indignant adversary.

"There's yer bloomin' paper," he remarks, "I've done with it now," and, jerking his sacrilegious bowler nonchalantly over one eye, marches with unstable dignity out through the doors.

The respectable man, scarlet in the face, stands rooted to the spot, glaring, in speechless indignation, at his desecrated idol.

"I cannot tell you," I venture to assure him, "how strongly I feel——"

"It's—it's disgusting!" he cries, finding his voice with difficulty.

"Disgusting!"

"Disgusting," I observe feelingly, "is not the word."

Suddenly he turns, and strides furiously towards the doors. I follow him, and we pass through the vestibule and into the open air. My late neighbour is nowhere to be seen, but I have my suspicions of the complicity of a receding 'bus. Advancing across the road is the Library attendant, in company with a constable.

"It's disgusting!" repeats the respectable man excitedly. "Disgraceful! Scandalous!"

Deeply moved, but with enough of the Briton in me to shrink from a display of emotion in public, I put up my umbrella, and, with a few muttered words of sympathy, depart down the street, hardly able to wait till I have passed the attendant and the constable before giving way to an uncontrollable burst of feeling

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER À LA MODE

On St. Valentine's Eve

Dear Valentine, I hope you'll bring
A word from Jack, some pleasant sign;
No fluffy, curly paper thing,
Dear Valentine.

But rather, say, a pretty ring,
All emerald and opaline,
Hinting St. Peter's in the spring.

Hearts and darts and scribbling
You know, sweet saint, are *not* my line.
I love a brilliant, shimmering,
Dear Valentine.

E. M.

BRIDGE

One of these days, and may it be soon, we shall have a great convention of the Bridge players of the world; for it is surely needed. I cannot but think that the Albert Hall is the proper place for its meeting. I look, too, to see a truly representative convention, composed, not only of delegates from the Bridge-playing circles of Europe and America, but also from Asia Minor, the Levant, and India, that the deliberations of the Western world may be helped by the longer experience of the East, and the uniformity of rule and practice become world-wide.

In the meantime, we need a smaller convention of our own, composed only of English delegates, to amend the English code of rules; and it might be most easily amended by adopting, from the American code (*vide* "Foster's Bridge Tactics"), the rules in which it is lacking. For my part, I would begin by adopting the American rule that all penalties should be claimed by the eldest hand. The English rule is that they may be claimed by either adversary; and now and then one sees both adversaries start to claim a penalty, and a different penalty at that, which, to say nothing of the confusion, strictly debars both of them from exacting any penalty at all. The proper procedure is for one of them to say, "Shall I exact the penalty, partner, or will you?"

In England, again, there is no penalty attached to the dealer's partner passing the declaration to the dealer; but in America the eldest hand may very properly call upon the player in error to declare the trump, or he may demand a new deal. This error can plainly give valuable information, and may change the dealer's declaration altogether.

Other irregularities covered by the American rules, but not by the English, are the eldest hand's leading a card without saying: "Shall I play?" In America it is at the option of the declarant to call a suit or let the lead stand, provided that no part of the dummy's hand is already laid down. If pone asks, "Shall I play?" the dealer may call a suit from the eldest hand. Also, if a player redoubles out of turn, there is no penalty in England, but in America the player he doubles has the right to say whether or not the erroneous redouble shall stand. If he lets it stand, the redoubling may continue; if he does not let it stand, all doubling is at an end. A less important matter is that, in America, any consultation between the adversaries as to the doubling or redoubling, will entitle the declarant to demand a new deal. Any consultation between the dealer and his partner will entitle the eldest hand to demand a new deal. Such consultations are not likely to take place; but it is well to have a rule about them.

Lastly, in America, if the eldest hand leads before his partner has declared himself content in the matter of doubling, his partner cannot double or redouble without the consent of the dealer and the dealer's partner; but should the pone be allowed to double after this premature lead, the dealer or his partner may redouble.

Now, all these are very useful laws for checking the purposed irregularities of unscrupulous players, and the sooner they are incorporated in the English code the sooner will it approach a proper completeness.

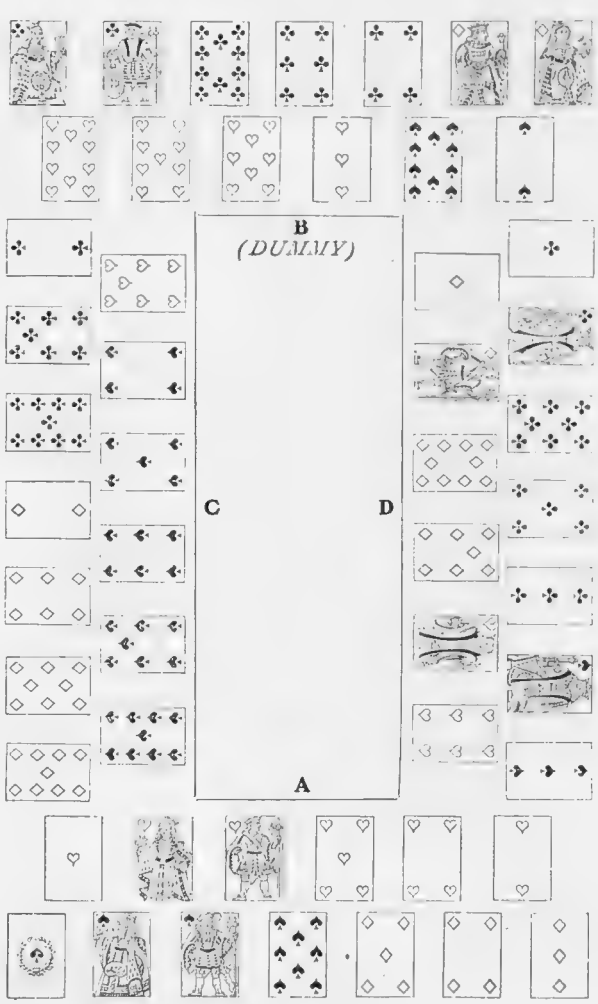
There is, however, one American rule which we should not care to see added to the English code. It runs:

> The dealer is obliged to hand over one trick to the adversary every time he leads from the wrong hand, except at the thirteenth trick, provided that the trick is not complete before the adversaries demand the penalty. Tricks taken in penalty do not count towards slams in the honour column.

To my mind this is a hard rule; for, after all, the brain of the dealer is the most heavily taxed by his having to play two hands; there are two adversaries to correct his mistake; and it is unlikely that both of them will be so careless as to let his error pass.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

PROBLEM VII.



A deals, and declares Hearts. A B makes the Grand Slam.

A solution of this problem will be given next week.

OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION

A FIRST PRIZE OF £25

And Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 1s. each for Playing Out a Rubber

The First Prize of £25 in cash will be given for the best solution of the declarations and play of the hands of the rubber. There will be, moreover, ten Consolation Prizes of one guinea each, for the next best solutions.

THE SIXTH HAND

In the present number the sixth hand of the rubber is offered for solution. Eight hands in all will be given, one hand each week. Solutions may be sent in each week, or kept till the closing date is announced.

Competitors should read the rules very carefully.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

The names and addresses of the winners will be published.

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the declaration, and play of a hand, cut out the coupon, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and, when the closing date is announced, enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor,
THE BYSTANDER,
Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment,
London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for making a certain declaration, for doubling, re-doubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played in the ordinary way, four players playing. It is *not* a Double Dummy rubber; and each player is supposed only to see his own hand and that of dummy.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that each player should play as well as possible according to what he knows of his own hand and dummy's, and learns from the play of his partner and opponents.

8. The players have adopted the Heart Convention for the reasons set forth in Nos. I. & II. of THE BYSTANDER.

9. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

10. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solution; thus—Declaration. No Trumps. A. B. win 8 tricks. Y. Z. 5 tricks.

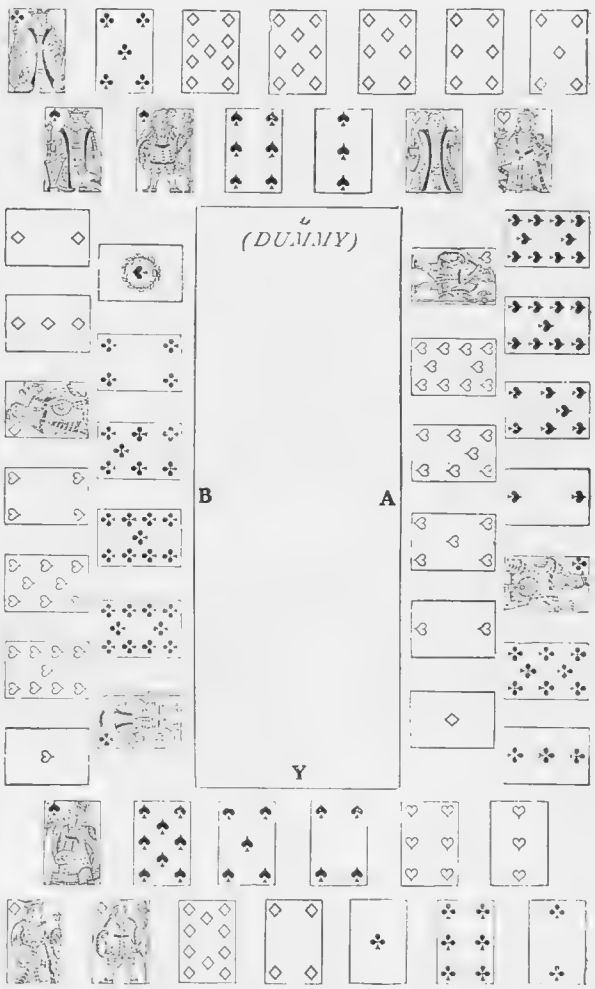
11. Competitors are advised to keep the score of the rubber by them, since, as it progresses, the declaration will be influenced by the score.

12. A competitor may enter the competition at any point in it. Back numbers of THE BYSTANDER may be procured from any newsagent; or from The Publisher, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

[N.B.—Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chance of the Prize. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.]

COUPON VI.

HAND VI.



Name .....

Address .....

.....

Nom de guerre or initials .....

This competition began in our issue of Wednesday, January 6. Competitors may join any week by obtaining back numbers of "The Bystander."

The LIBRARY.

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Lucretia Borgia: According to Original Documents and Correspondence of her Day." By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by John Leslie Garner. Illustrated. (Murray: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The House of Quiet." A posthumous work by an anonymous writer, showing the possibilities that exist in the simplest and least ambitious life. Edited by his friend and cousin. (Murray: 8*s.*)

"The Life of William the Second, German Emperor." By Wm. Jacks, LL. D. (MacLehose and Sons: 9*s.* net.)

"Life of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain." By Louis Creswicke. Vol. I. To be completed in four vols. Illustrated. (Caxton Publishing Co.: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Korea." By Angus Hamilton. Illustrated. (Heinemann: 15*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Stromboli and the Guns." By Francis Gribble. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"V. C." By David Christie Murray. (Chatto and Windus: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Garnered." By Richard Marsh. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"His Eminence: a Story of the last Century." By Lady Helen Forbes. (Nash: 6*s.*)

"Thyra Varrick." By Amelia E. Barr. (T. Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Red Morn." By Max Pemberton. (Cassell and Co.: 6*s.*)

1763-1855

"Table-talk of Samuel Rogers." By G. H. Powell. (Johnson.)

At the present day, when the production of new books is so rapid that it is hopeless to keep pace with current literature, many interesting works of the last century are lapsing into oblivion. Fortunately, there are not wanting those who make it their object to seek out these half-forgotten veterans of literature, and reintroduce them to the public. In the "Table-talk of Samuel Rogers," Mr. Powell has combined two books: "Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers," by his friend Alexander Dyce, published in 1856, and Rogers's own "Recollections," edited by William Sharpe, three years later. Samuel Rogers, banker, poet, and collector, was born in 1763, and died in 1855. Himself of considerable literary ability, he was very fond of the society of intellectual men, and his breakfast parties, lasting from ten to one, were very famous in their day. Among his personal friends were Sheridan, Fox, Erskine, and Horne Tooke, and he was acquainted with most of the celebrated men and women of the period. Of his own writings a poem on the "Pleasures of Memory" is the most noteworthy, and it is interesting to remember that in 1850 he was offered the laureateship, which, on his refusal, was conferred upon Alfred Tennyson.

From "Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers"
Samuel Rogers

As a lover of literature Rogers was naturally conservative. He deplored the change in the attitude of the public towards playwriting in general, and his words are particularly applicable to the present age. "New plays," he wrote, "seem hardly to be regarded as literature: people may go to see them acted, but no one thinks of reading them." His opinions regarding the evolution of colloquial style were similar: "In my youth everyone said 'Lunnon, not 'London': Fox said 'Lunnon' to the last; and so did Crowe. The now fashionable pronunciation of several words, is, to me at least, very offensive: 'Cóntemplate' is bad enough; but 'balcŏny' makes me sick." But he was no mere *laudator temporis acti;* he frequently exclaims against the evils of the *régime* of his youth; nor is this surprising when we read how:

> When I was a lad I recollect seeing *a whole cartful of young girls . . . . on their way to be executed at Tyburn.* They had all been condemned on one indictment for having been concerned in (that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of) the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots.

. . . Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on those riots, and heard several boys sentenced, to their own excessive amazement, to be hanged. "Never," said Greville with great *naïveté*, "did I see boys *cry so*."

There are many interesting passages reflecting the opinions of their contemporaries on the works of Moore, Gray, Cowper, and Campbell. With regard to the latter, a good story is told in a footnote. A Scotch professor had spoken in great praise of certain lines in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope;" and when one of the company begged him to explain to her their meaning, he indignantly took down the book from a shelf, and, after reading the lines in question, again declared that they were splendid.

"Well, sir," said the lady, "but what do they mean?" Dashing the book on the floor, he exclaimed in his broad Scotch accent, "I'll be daumed if I can tell!"

There are many good stories, too, of such accomplished jesters as Theodore Hook, Sheridan, Horne Tooke, Foote, and Sydney Smith, though of the last he wrote: "I have seen him at my own house absolutely overpowered by the superior facetiousness of William Bankes." The reply of Tooke when a boy, to a friend who inquired the profession of his father, a poulterer, is characteristic. "A Turkey merchant," said Tooke. Equally characteristic is Sydney Smith's remark, apropos of the lights in Rogers's dining-room, which were placed high, in order to show up the pictures, that "above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth."

One of the most interesting parts of the book deals with the Duke of Wellington, from whom Rogers gleaned much useful information concerning the Peninsular War and Waterloo. The description of the meeting with Blucher at Waterloo is interesting.

When all was over, Blucher and I met at La Maison Rouge. It was midnight when he came, and, riding up, he threw his arms round me and kissed me on both cheeks as he sat in the saddle. I was then in pursuit; and, as his troops were fresh, I halted mine, and left the business to him.

It may be doubted whether it was advisable to cut out the personal subject headings given by Rogers, since they, at least, imparted a trace of form to the somewhat amorphous mass of miscellaneous anecdotes; still, the index appended is a valuable aid to reference. In any case the book teems with historical and literary interest, and presents, in handy form to the general reader, some of the most entertaining reminiscences of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

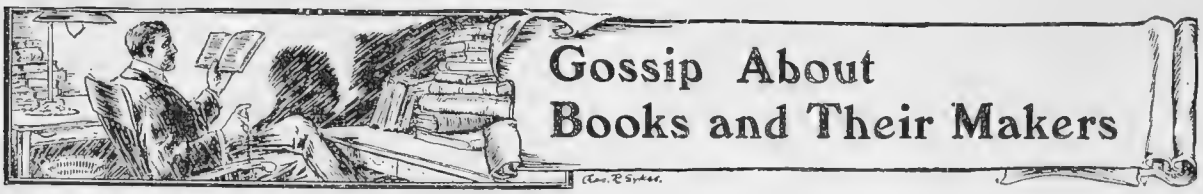
The late Marquess of Bute whose monumental catalogue of the old Spanish records which he secured at Teneriffe a few years ago, is now being published as a defence of the Inquisition in the Canary Islands, also left in the hands of his executors a new edition of his scholarly translation of the Roman Breviary. This has yet to make its appearance. There is an interesting history attached to this book. The author, who is heart and soul in the Roman Catholic cause, first obtained the late Pope's consent to its publication, but the Pope afterwards changed his mind, and stopped the sale. The result was that all the copies in circulation at once went to a premium, and are now worth at least ten or twelve guineas each. The present Pope is more liberal-minded, and nothing untoward is anticipated in connection with the new edition.

Among the spring biographies will be a life of Father Ignatius, by the Baroness de Bertouche. This is to come from Messrs. Methuen, who state that the work has been written by the authority and under the supervision of Father Ignatius himself. It contains a faithful record of his remarkable career, and in an analysis of his doctrines it seeks to show that these have been much misrepresented. The chapters which are likely to be most discussed are those dealing with the mysterious or supernatural manifestations which have appeared to Father Ignatius during various periods of his life.

Many volumes of reminiscences are also in preparation for the spring. One of the most popular of these is sure to be the "Memories" of Miss Gordon-Cumming, probably the most adventurous lady-traveller of modern times. Sport and "globe-trotting" are among the chief characteristics of the authoress's family; for her brother, Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming, who died nearly forty years ago, was one of the first British sportsmen to shoot big game in Africa, and won for himself the name of "the lion-slayer." Miss Gordon-Cumming developed her love of travelling as long ago as 1867, when she went to India to visit a married sister. She has since explored and written about most parts of the world, among her best-known books being "Wanderings in China," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," and "At Home in Fiji."

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) has written another long novel to follow "The Vineyard," already announced. The plot is intensely dramatic, being mainly concerned with the love affairs of a married woman who is very religious, and refuses to divorce her husband, though he is notoriously a "bad lot." Her lover reproaches her bitterly, and condemns her weakness, as well as the woman with whom the husband is known to be intriguing. Then the wife tells him that the guilty woman is the lover's own sister, and, of course, upsets all his arguments. We must leave Mrs. Craigie to tell the rest, which is full of strong situations, and of pictures of French and English society.

Mr. John Lane announces a new illustrated series of monographs—biographical, bibliographical, and critical—entitled "Living Masters of Music." The first volume, "Henry J. Wood," by Rosa Newmarch, will be issued early this month, and it will be followed by volumes on Richard Strauss, by Alfred Kalisch; Edward Elgar, by R. J. Buckley; Paderewski, by Edward A. Baughan; Alfred Bruneau, by Arthur Hervey; and Joachim, by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. The object of the series is to aid the growing interest in contemporary music, and to do, for living musicians, what has already been done for the leaders in war, politics, literature, and science.



Historian of a Great Movement

That great religious enterprise, The British and Foreign Bible Society, will celebrate its centenary next month, and meanwhile the first two volumes of its "History" have been issued by Mr. John Murray. The literary undertakings of the society have always been marked by perfect taste and a thoroughness which betokens a healthy state of the treasury; but in this regard its arrangements for providing the reading public with official but picturesque records of its world-wide activities during the last hundred years, eclipse anything it has attempted in the past. I am afraid to say how many different editions of the "History" are about to be published, from one shilling up to three pounds; but that bearing the imprint of the famous house of Murray, which I understand will be complete in four volumes, is a monumental production worthy of its subject and its author. I am glad the literary committee had the good sense to place the work in the hands of a layman, distinguished in journalism and literature, and not, as so often happens, in such cases, in those of an official cleric. Mr William Canton, is, in every way, admirably equipped for his important task.

Photo by *Newman*

Mrs. Humphry Ward

Mr. William Canton

He has a deep and true sympathy with the human side of the Bible Society's work and the power of investing the narrative with high literary qualities. He has much to say, in the first two volumes, of famous authors, such as Scott, Borrow, and Hannah More, associated in some way or another with the movement during its first half-century. Mr. Canton has been steadily employed in preparing the "History" since he resigned his connection with the firm of Isbister and the editorship of the *Sunday Magazine* nearly four years ago. He served a long apprenticeship to journalism on the editorial staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, before settling in London thirteen years ago; but he is not a Scotsman, although the author of "The Unspeakable Scot" mistook him for one and made him the subject of a graceless lampoon. He was born in China fifty-eight years ago, and educated in France; so that he is a very cosmopolitan Englishman. Not even Mr. Kenneth Grahame has excelled him in the sympathetic interpretation of child life. In one of his latest books of verses about children I find the following lines which indicate his point of view:

> In praise of little children I will say
> God first made man, then found a better way
> For woman, but His third way was the best.
> Of all created things the loveliest
> And most divine are children.

I have an interesting recollection of my first meeting with Mr. Canton, and, although I have told it before, it may be worth telling again. Some seven years ago, when spending an afternoon at the Nottingham home of the late Philip James Bailey, I was just taking my leave of that good, gray poet, as another visitor was announced, whom I did not meet. Next day I received a note, asking if I would call to meet Mr. Canton at Mr. Bailey's: he had been the visitor. "I heard you talking to Mr. Bailey in the hall," he said to me, "and I had a sudden impulse to ask if it was Mr. —— who had just left." Mr. Canton's surmise had been correct, and the strange feature of the incident was that neither of us knew the other by sight or speech!

Literary "Style"

I have, as a reviewer of books, been so persistent an advocate of the need for a higher standard of literary style in the works of contemporary novelists, that I have been accused of valuing manner more than matter. The slovenliness of many of our popular writers is pitiful, and Mr. Eden Phillpotts has long been a favourite of mine, chiefly because of his conscientious craftsmanship of words, but I have just been reading his latest novel, "The American Prisoner," and I have a fear that he is in grave danger of sinning at the other extreme. Witness and judge ye:

Then, within six weeks of the ill tidings, a great conceit suddenly flashed upon Malherb; and as the Witch of Endor called forth that awful shade of Samuel to her own admiration, so did this man raise the unexpected spirit of thought. Suddenly, amidst the mean and familiar imaginings of life, uprising like a giant from the dwarfish throng of practical and common notions, there stalked tremendous an Idea; and he stood astonished before it, appraised its magnitude and welcomed it for an inspiration from the Gods.

This is mighty fine, and one is sorely tempted, on reading such a passage, to say, "Fiddlesticks!" It is a dash of Meredith in ginger-beer—an unpalatable brew.

Mrs. Humphry Ward

"A tall, graceful figure, steady, smiling eyes, dark hair (touched with grey) waving down each side of an intellectual, attractive face—and yet there is something austere about Mary Ward. Thus a critic who has met the author of "Lady Rose's Daughter" described her some time ago. My knowledge of this famous writer is only such as comes from the reading of her books, and I think that, so far as critical opinion in this country can be summed up, Mrs. Humphry Ward has succeeded in convincing the literary world that she is, in spite of all the vagaries of her theological opinions, our greatest living woman novelist. We are at present passing through one of those periods when Mrs. Ward has no book "just published," nor another appearing serially. For it is close on one year since her last novel appeared, and she has never published more than one book in the course of two years. Indeed, though it is hardly credible in these days when a great literary success tempts an author to produce rapidly, four years elapsed between the appearance of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve."

Photo by *Russell*

Mr William Canton

Who is writing the "History of the British and Foreign Bible Society"

Photo by *Russell*

Mrs. Lovett Cameron

Who has just published a new novel called "Remembrance"

Mrs. Lovett Cameron

Although one is always eager to welcome new authors, it is as keen a pleasure to the literary chronicler to note the sustained activity of old favourites. Among the novels issued from the press during the last few weeks is one by a writer who comes under this category. I refer to "Remembrance," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, an admirably written story of modern life, with a strong, if not very original, motif. Mrs. Cameron, herself an Englishwoman, born at Walthamstow, is the wife of a Scotsman, whose younger brother, the late Commander Cameron, was the first white man to cross Africa. Her first book was written after her marriage, twenty-seven years ago, and, as she herself expresses it, she has "written steadily ever since." Mrs. Lovett Cameron is to be ranked among our lady novelists who are partial to outdoor sports, for she confesses to punting, sculling, and cycling, for all of which pursuits her country house at Shepperton is conveniently situated.

In my note on Mr. Walter Emanuel the other week, I said that his new "dog book" was to be published by Mr. Heinemann; but I am now informed that the publishers will be Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen, and the title of the book, "Dinmont the Dandy." I. A H.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Parliamentary Golf Tournament

In the early part of the year 1891, some enthusiastic golfer connected with the House of Commons conceived the happy idea of instituting a parliamentary tournament among Members of both Houses of Parliament, and the Clerks and Press reporters attached to them. I think I shall not be far wrong if I ascribe the main share in the inception and carrying through of this scheme to Mr. A. J. Robertson, then Editor of *Golf*, and one of *The Times's* staff of reporters in the House of Commons. The competition, which was popular from the very start, has taken place annually ever since, and forms now one of the leading fixtures of the golfing season. The friendly social intercourse between members of the different Parties in our Legislature has always been a subject of admiration, and possibly envy on the part of foreigners, in whose countries the animosities of the political world are very often carried into private life. With us, happily, it has been different, and it is quite an ordinary event to see two members who have been cutting each other into little pieces in the House, walking out amicably arm-in-arm and dining together, as though the recent political fight had never taken place. That this system conduces in a high degree to the preservation of the good tone which has marked our parliamentary life, few will deny; anything, therefore, which strengthens the social ties between members of the opposing parties and helps to carry on this welcome tradition, is a beneficent agency. Not least among such agencies we may reckon the Parliamentary tournament which brings the political lions, lambs, and tigers together on to the breezy golf links, and permits them to slay each other in a series of matches armed with no more lethal weapons than drivers, mashies and putters. When we find the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor all united in the pursuit and praise of golf, we may well exclaim, "One touch of golf makes the whole political world kin."

The Prime Minister as a Golfer

The army of golfers never made a more valuable recruit than when they enrolled the present Prime Minister as a fighting member among their ranks. It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence for good on golf in the South which his notable example has had. From the moment that Mr. Balfour yielded to the fascinations of the game he has never ceased to extol its merits and to do all that is in his power to further its interests. The labours and difficulties of his political work have never prevented him from snatching a few hours for his favourite game, or from giving invaluable aid in the opening of some new course in the neighbourhood of London or Manchester. Those who have had the good fortune of playing with Mr. Balfour know that the urbanity and courtesy which are his unfailing characteristics in the House never desert him on the course, even under the sorest afflictions that can befall a golfer, and a more delightful partner or opponent it is impossible to imagine.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour
The Prime Minister drives

Mr. Balfour's Play

Mr. Balfour's game has been a steadily improving one, and he is now no mean opponent to encounter on the links. His slight physique prevents his being a very powerful player, but he makes up for this want of power by great cleanness and accuracy of hitting, and by considerable excellence in the short game. Mr. Balfour won the Parliamentary tournament in 1894, playing throughout in such excellent form that his handicap of thirteen gave his opponents no chance

against him. Since then he has on several occasions been a dangerous competitor at the shorter odds which he now receives; no doubt, if he had more time to devote to the game we should again find him winning the tournament. Mr. Balfour has been captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and those who had the privilege of hearing his delightful speeches at the dinners of the club will not soon forget the treat they enjoyed. It was during one of these speeches that Mr. Balfour recounted a most amusing anecdote, dealing with himself and Mr. Asquith.

A Friendly Encounter with a Member of the Opposition

The latter was then but a beginner at the game, and was at that time nursing the constituency of East Fifeshire. Naturally, whenever Mr. Balfour played a round on St. Andrews links, a crowd of devoted adherents would follow him round. It happened that one day Mr. Balfour was entirely off his game; at the last hole he made a wretched drive, and he then heard the following racy remark, made by a stolid individual who had followed him during the round, and who had evidently watched Mr. Asquith during his initial efforts at the game: "Weel, Asquith at his wurrst was not a patch upon this." Mr. Balfour has a political course beset with bunkers and difficulties before him, and his political admirers look to him to surmount these difficulties and avoid these bunkers with the same dexterity that he displays on the links. However that may be, I am sure that his devotion to the game we all love has given him many, many hours of delightful freedom from political cares, while the healthy life of the links has renewed his strength and vigour for the service of his country.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton

Golfers, in happy and daring fashion, have dubbed those whose cricketing days are over and who have taken to golf "reformed cricketers." How cricketers look at the matter I do not know, and think it wiser not to inquire. At any rate, one of the most distinguished of these "reformed cricketers" is Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. Time was when Mr. Lyttelton apparently had his doubts about the game, and wrote a somewhat derogatory article, with the unwholesome title "Is golf a first-class game?" calling in question the claims of the game to the title. I will not renew the ancient battle between him and myself on this subject. I merely call attention to it to point the contrast which Mr. Lyttelton's present devotion to golf affords. Has not this devotion led him to build himself a charming house overlooking the Muirfield course, and can he not be seen there during the summer vacation, pursuing the little white ball with all the zest of the oldest golfer among us? The quickness and accuracy of eye which made him the finest wicket keeper of his day and a first-class bat stand him in good stead at golf. He hits very hard, and on his day is a formidable opponent for players of his own class. He imports into the game that element of personal magnetism, which in the old days used to inspire his side at football or cricket. I trust he will follow his great leader's example, and not allow such small accidents as elevation to Cabinet rank to distract him from the more important pursuit of the mastery of driver and mashie. If that be so, we shall soon see him rendering a good account of himself, both in the Parliamentary and Bar Tournaments, and adding some more trophies to the many he won in the athletic days of his youth.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Hon. A. Lyttelton, M.P. for Leamington, Warwick

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hunting

The Badminton Hunt

The leading position which the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt has maintained into the second century of its existence is no less due to the excellence and variety of its area of operations than to the high esteem in which the successive heads of the House of Somerset have been held, and the liberality with which the ducal establishment has always been conducted. Covering a district of well nigh 800 square miles, which literally teems with foxes, three packs of hounds are kept busily employed six days a week throughout a season, which both commences early and closes late, the vastness of the territory having, on occasions, demanded even more than this bountiful measure, and necessitated two packs hunting on the same day in opposite corners of the country. At how remote a date the Badminton Hunt was converted from stag to fox is uncertain, but the latter was indubitably the standard quarry in 1786, in the fifth Duke's time, and during the first quarter of the nineteenth century the hounds were kennelled for alternate months at Badminton and Heythrop. In 1835 a separate pack, known by the latter designation, was inaugurated, and more than fifty years later it seemed that another offshoot from the parent stem was about to flourish as a permanently independent concern. The Avon Vale Hunt, however, ceased to exist in 1899, since when the Badminton Hunt has been hunted in its entirety from headquarters.

The Earl of Kerry and the Duchess of Beaufort out with the Beaufort Hounds

The Hounds

While it is admitted that the pack of hounds now in the Badminton kennels is as near perfection as could be desired, both in looks and

A Meet of the Duke of Beaufort's: the Hounds Arriving

The Duke is the third mounted figure, counting from the left

The Duke of Beaufort's Hounds go to Covert

The Field Move Off to a Fresh Draw

Across Country: The Earl of Kerry, one of the Keenest Followers

working qualities, this result has not been attained without something more than the usual amount of trouble and expense. Up to 1890, reliance had been placed, for the most part, on home-bred hounds, though, as a matter of course, the best sires were used, and the pack still retained the curious odd colours with which it had been identified. When, however, it became known that the late Lord Portsmouth's pack would be in the market, the present Duke seized the occasion and bought the dog hounds, while, nine years later, another notable purchase was effected, Mr. Mackenzie's dog pack passing from the Woodland Pytchley kennels to Badminton, as the result. In each case a large sum of money changed

After a Good Day's Hunt. The Duke of Beaufort Returning Home

"Off They Go!" A Good Field

hands, yet, when the immense benefit which accrued, is considered, it cannot be said that the introduction of new blood was made at an excessive cost. In 1899, the Duke's exhibits rose from a previous record of tolerable success at Peterborough to an eminent position among the winners of highest honours, and if, during the last few years, the representatives of the kennel have, by the barest margin, missed supreme distinction, it should be remembered that recent successes have excluded them from certain contests that would have been at their mercy.

Badminton's Huntsmen

Though the roll of huntsmen at Badminton during the last half century contains but few names, it is almost unnecessary to say that they are in every case historical. Will Long who, after being promoted from whipping in for nineteen years, hunted the hounds for twenty-seven years, was quite at the head of his profession. Tom Clark, who came to Badminton in 1857 from Mr. Morrell's (Old Berkshire), if not altogether faultless in his methods, had at least the distinction of forming the central figure in the masterpiece on hunting, contributed by the late Duke of Beaufort to the Badminton Library. As to more recent years the present Duke carried the horn unassisted, save for one season, when Mr. Wemyss shared the duties, for many years till 1896, when Will Dale came from Brocklesby to continue the brilliant career with undiminished ardour and *éclat*, though the noble master still hunts hounds at least twice a week. On the Duke's pre-eminent abilities it would be superfluous to dilate, though it is to be devoutly hoped that any illusions arising from his conspicuous success as to an amateur huntsman being able to invite comparison with professional talent will have been dispelled long before his retirement from active duty in the field.

L. J. B.

A Favourite Piece of Water near Christchurch, Hants

Angling

The Stour and Avon, near Christchurch

The rivers Stour and Avon, which join their waters and fall into the sea near Christchurch, Hants, are almost, if not quite, the best coarse fish rivers in England. In its upper length, the Avon is also a good trout stream, and at Ringwood, salmon are taken every spring by anglers, but they are "few and far between." The Stour is, most of it, private, and so indeed is the Avon. Downton is a good spot for roach and pike fishing, and the Bull Inn has a mile or two of good water for visitors. Ringwood used to be about the best spot in England for roach, and probably is still; only, when I was there last autumn, it seemed to me that weeds and mud were allowed to have their own way too much. Christchurch is an interesting old place, and the pike and roach fishing in the two or three miles of water attached to the hotel, is very good when the water is in good order; this last season, the rivers have been in a state of flood so much of the time, that angling has been difficult. It is nearly all punt or boat fishing, and, until he has had some experience, it is safest for a visitor to employ one of the local professionals.

An Exciting Experience

On one occasion, many years ago, I was fishing for pike with a friend near Christchurch. In the excitement of playing a good fish we did not notice that we had drifted rapidly down stream, and, before anything could be done, the boat was caught under one of the arches of the bridge and held across it; by good luck we got through and safely over the deep hole just below. The Avon and Stour fish are extremely handsome, due to the good feeding they get. Mr. Newlyn, of the Royal Exeter Hotel, Bournemouth, kindly gave me some days on his water on the Stour last autumn, and we got some grand roach and chub. In Mr. Newlyn's last swim, near the ferry, I had lots of roach between one and two pounds, and one or two larger, and, higher up, some fine chub from two to six pounds.

Demand for Fishing Waters near London

It must be remembered that first-class fishing of this kind, within little over two hours' journey from London, is in demand and not to be had for nothing. Spinning, to me, is the most interesting form of pike fishing by a long way, but it is not often so deadly as livebaiting, especially with the "paternoster," as with that you can fish narrow runs and holes between weeds, where the spinner has no chance. And an Avon or Stour pike of 10lbs. or so in a strong stream will give fine sport before he is gaffed; and much larger fish are got every season. There are no rudd in the Stour or Avon, so I gave Mr. Newlyn a lot, late last year, and some day I hope he may find that they have become established. Angling visitors to Bournemouth and Boscombe should make a note of the fishing at Christchurch; and in the summer and autumn there is often excellent mullet fishing in the river near Mudeford. It is a curious fact that although hundreds of these shy fish are to be seen off the quay higher up at Christchurch, they will take no bait that any angler has yet discovered, and they are so cunning and sharp that even nets are rarely of much use, although at Milford Haven the other day a trawler shot her net in the harbour and captured a whole school of mullet. I quite agree with my friend, Mr. Bernard Alfieri, who took the kodak view, that "one cannot imagine two more beautiful rivers than the Stour and Avon, clear as crystal, with any number of deep holes and eddies, and grand swims for pike, roach, and chub."

R. B. M.

A Good Fishing Reach near the Junction of the Avon and Stour at Christchurch

A Valentine to Heartsdelight

However bright the sun may shine,
I'll of it take no heed;
Nor of the pretty speckled kine
That trample in the mead;
The stream that sparkles in its fall
Runs onward to the brine;
But I will mind it not at all
Till Heartsdelight be mine.

The mavis to his mate may sing
His melody so fine,
And birds that welcome back the spring
May recognise the sign.
Tho' other ears their songs entrance,
To listen I decline,
Since nothing can my joys enhance
Till Heartsdelight be mine.

Yet there are maidens fair to see
Who bid me not repine,
And comely dames who unto me
Their favours would assign;
But none of these will I select
To be my Valentine,
All consolation I reject
Till Heartsdelight be mine.

G. D. Lynch.

County Clubs

When ruminating over Automobile Topics, one puts to oneself the searching questions, "What *is* the Motoring World? Where is it? Can one take a ticket thither? Does one find it in the purlieus of Long Acre, or is it merely a congeries of repair shops?" It is hard say to *where* this debatable land may be found. Methinks if anywhere, it is to be discovered in the provincial County Automobile Clubs. No sooner does a neophyte become the owner of a motor-car than he is the recipient of a polite communication from the local secretary, in which are set forth the advantages of joining. He joins, and, as the great bulk of us in this weary world, in order to sustain life, have to work for our living, it is discovered that Saturday is the day for motoring. On Saturdays, therefore, does the club foregather for social intercourse. The meet is at the house of some member, perhaps twenty miles out, and at this hospitable haven, cars of every conceivable type and size "cast up." Ensues terrific "havering" over the internal combustion engine. Under the influence of the cheering Bohea (or, mayhap, of the surreptitious "peg") is the tongue loosened. Each vaunts the superiority of his own system, save, perchance, the unlucky wight who has got hold of a "wrong 'un" with whom everyone darkly commiserates, and who gloomily withdraws into a corner.

An Unfilial Family

These local clubs are "affiliated" to the Automobile Club of Great Britain (and Ireland), but never did any mother on this earth have such an unfilial lot of sons and daughters, few of them knowing (and caring less) whether there really *be* any A. C. G. B. and I. or no. However, "affiliation" carries with it the membership of the "Motor Union," a more or less practical sort of body which, if it be properly worked in the interests of the motoring public as a *whole*, may eventually be of really considerable importance. Such *fright ul* flapdoodle has been, and is, still emitted about the scorchers, and the two thousand pound cars, *et hoc genus omne*, concerning which the ordinary motoring person does not care one solitary brass button, that it is difficult to preserve one's equanimity when meditating on these matte.s.

Cost of Up-keep

In a recent number of the *A. C. Journal*, a member of the club gives an unvarnished account of the cost of maintaining a 7h.p. car for twenty-three months. His total mileage was 15,306, and to cover this ground he was out of pocket to the tune of £315 6*s.* 9*d.* This does not appear to be a particularly brilliant record, but it may be interesting to see where the cost chiefly comes in. He only averaged 14.5 miles per gallon of petrol, which is far too high a rate of consumption, especially as a 20h.p. car of same make, which he also kept for five months, averaged 12.18 miles per gallon. The total cost of petrol was £55 6*s.* 11*d.*; of lubricating oil, spare parts, and repairs, all lumped together, £59 19*s.* 10*d.*; wages to driver, £148 10*s.*, and pneumatic tyres, £51. He summarises this:

Miles run, 15,306

	d.
Cost of petrol per mile	·87
,, repairs, &c.	·94
,, tyres (Colliers')	·8
,, wages	2·32
Total cost per mile	4·93*d.*

Had he, however, as is well possible in the case of so small a car, dispensed with a driver and been content to travel on solid tyres in the place of pneumatics (for upkeep of which £10 would be a generous allowance), he might have reduced his total expenses to £125 16*s.* 9*d.* Taking the twenty-three months to represent two years we can call it, say, £67 per annum for a distance of 7,653 miles, which is a good deal more than the average amateur driver, on pleasure bent is at all likely to cover. A reasonable motor-car to carry four, covering, say, 5,000 miles per annum, ought to cost about £1 a week to run, according to this; if with pneumatics another £40 or £50 may be added. A car running not more than twenty miles an hour is perfectly comfortable on solid tyres.

Show Attendants

Now is the lull before the storm, as "The Show" is nearly upon us. What will it be like? What will be the attitude this year of some of the Lordly Beings presiding over the stalls of the exhibitors, towards us? Will they gaze on the public (and on the Press) with *hauteur* and proud disdain, or will competition cause some of them to "buck up" and show us what they have to sell? Who knows! Last year I called three times during the day at one stall to give an order, but was languidly informed by a gentleman with the deportment of a Mr. Turveydrop that "the—er—man, was—er—away (the *man*—mark you!), so I drifted over to the Panhard stand, met a gentlemanly young fellow in a pot hat and covert coat, who most pleasantly gave me all the information I required and attended to my little need. *O si sic omnes*!

C. G. Matson.

The West Ham Conductor: "Allow me, sir, the honour of assisting you in alighting from this 'ere car"

The tram conductors of West Ham have been served out with a manual of etiquette and deportment, containing no less than 130 rules of conduct, drawn up by Members of the West Ham Council. One rule enjoins conductors to remove offensive persons as quietly and gently as possible.—DAILY PAPER.

Sweet Peas

It is not too early to make a first sowing of sweet peas in the open, if a warm, dry position can be spared for them—a first spring sowing, that is, for those sown last autumn will now be on their way towards the earliest blooming. Or, where the soil is colder, a start may be made by sowing in pots in a cold frame. But these autumn and winter sowings are, after all, only likely to be successful in the more favoured south and west. In colder localities, however, it is still possible to get early bloom, if some care and trouble is taken. A sweet pea enthusiast, who lives in the cold north and has gained surprising results during the last year, tells me that he owes his success to directions, closely followed, which he took from a short article in the *Garden* last March. I have looked up his reference and transcribe these directions in full for the benefit of my readers. They are given by Mr. J. Denman, of Cain's Cross, Gloucestershire.

Early Sowings

At the end of February, or early in March, secure some small boxes, say, about 18in. long by 6in. deep and wide, preferably with rather thin bottoms. Place some rough leaves in them as drainage, and then fill up with good loamy soil; water, and allow them to drain. When this has been accomplished, sow the seeds about 1½in. apart, covering with about 1in. of soil. The sowing completed, place the boxes in a frame where the average temperature does not exceed 56 degrees. Here they will soon germinate, and great care must be exercised to prevent the young seedlings becoming drawn. To prevent this, place them as soon as possible in open frames, where they can be protected at night and in cold weather. As soon as the seedlings are 4in. or 5in. high, they are ready for planting out. Dig trenches to correspond with the size of the boxes, placing some well-decayed manure at the bottom, and, after knocking out the bottom of the boxes, place the plants in the trenches and fill up with soil. Place a few light twigs to support the young plants, increasing them as the seedlings grow. As the sun gains in strength, liberal waterings should be given, occasionally supplemented with weak liquid manure, the result of which will be an abundance of fine flowers.

Sowing in the Open

The ordinary practice is to sow in the open in March or April. But even here there is room for care, and results will not be good unless the seeds are sown properly. The ground should be prepared by digging in well-decayed manure into the subsoil. If heavy, it should be somewhat lightened by the addition of road grit or leaf mould. If mice are likely to be troublesome the seeds may be soaked in paraffin before planting, but the soaking, to be effective, must last for half-an-hour. Or they may be coated with red lead. The seeds should then be drilled into the ground about 3in. deep, and an extremely important point is to give them plenty of space. They should not be less than 1in. apart, and 1½in. would be better. Sweet peas push their roots sometimes to a surprising depth, and they must never be allowed to lack moisture. It is a good plan to keep the surface of the trench or circle in which they are planted lower than the surrounding ground, so that the slight hollow will hold rain and the water given to them in dry weather.

Photo by **The South Garden at "Stocks"** *Newman*

The Hertfordshire seat of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose portrait appears on *page* 770

Photo by **A Grass Walk and Herbaceous Border at "Stocks"** *Newman*

Hedges or Clumps?

Some prefer to grow their sweet peas in clumps and some in hedges. The sweet pea hedge is such a beautiful thing that, where there is room for it, it would still seem to be the most satisfactory. But the old-fashioned plan of sowing a hedge of mixed colours has little to recommend it. Sweet peas have been enormously improved of late years, and are now amongst the most beautiful of garden flowers; their colours, also, are so distinct that they must certainly be grown where these can tell, as they cannot when all mixed up together. On this account separate clumps of separate colours are very effective, but there is no reason why good breadths of colour shading into one another should not be used to form a hedge which will lack nothing of beauty or distinction. It is sometimes recommended that a sweet pea hedge should run north and south, so as to gain the maximum amount of sunshine for both sides; but such questions are apt to be decided by the gardens themselves, and a hedge running east and west will simply have one side in bloom a little earlier than the other.

Cultivation

When the seeds have been planted in the most approved way, there is still something to do to gain the best results. Protect from depredators, four-footed or otherwise, with wire pea-guards, and when the green is showing an inch or so above the surface, place the pea-sticks in position at once. Now your chief care must be to supply or to preserve moisture, and an excellent plan is to mulch the plants lightly with stable litter, or with leaf mould. This will keep the ground from cracking in dry weather, and the roots of the plant moist. Weak liquid manure to aid the growth of the flowers—soot water is excellent for the purpose—can be given occasionally, and, chief duty of all, pick off all the decaying flowers and never let a seed-pod form. The plant cannot bear the double strain of producing a continual supply of blossoms as well as ripening seed. And when you pick sweet peas for the house, pick them liberally, green and buds and blossoms together. They are far more beautiful in this way, and you will actually help the plants by doing so.

A Selection of Varieties

No one is capable of compiling a list of the best varieties of each colour upon which everybody will agree. Nobody, however will deny the beauties of all of the following:

White. The new Dorothy Eckford is undoubtedly the best both for size and substance. It is more expensive than older varieties, amongst which the best are Blanche Burpee and Sadie Burpee.
Primrose. Mrs. Eckford.
Orange. Miss Willmot, gorgeous.
Scarlet. Prince Edward of York.
Carmine. Lord Rosebery.
Crimson. Salopian, Cardinal, King Edward VII.
Rose. Prince of Wales, Apple Blossom.
Pink. Countess of Lathom, Hon. F. Bouverie, Lovely.
Cream, tinged pink. Gracie Greenwood, Stella Morse.
Lavender. Lady Grisel Hamilton, Lady Nina Balfour.
Lilac. Colonist.
Blue. Countess Cadogan.
Indigo. Indigo King.
Violet. Duke of Westminster.
Striped. America, Aurora.

Rain and its Risks

These dull days, we have to take thought for our mackintoshes and such rain-guards. Somebody, I see, has been spurred on to invent a transparent umbrella. This will rid wet weather of at least one of its many perils—the dear old lady who threads her way relentlessly along the pavement, grimly pointing her ferule towards the storm and things in general, with a preference for any chance wayfarer coming in an opposite direction. But other dangers remain; above all, the endless knobs which surround umbrellas, and threaten the eyes of tall pedestrians. Certainly, in wet weather it pays to be small; the five-foot citizen can ram his umbrella down upon his hat, a shield from all attacks, whilst taller, and unhappier, mortals have to raise their guard at the approach of every lady.

Wet Comfort

It is really not vastly comforting to be assured by the Meteorological powers that January, this year, has not been over-rainy. The statement won't dry clothes. Statistics, after all, are very pale things beside reality, and 1904 is made no drier to us by the knowledge that 1900 was more damp. Probably the Deluge year was damper still.

"Ad Astra per Aspera"

From a daily contemporary we gather that Mr. Stanley Spencer, the aeronaut, has given an interviewer a piece of information which should go far towards calming the agitated beating of the national pulse in the hour of dire extremity. No longer need we fear that the insidious submarine will sneak past the line of defences which guards the mouth of the Thames. Nor need we care (so far as our personal safety is concerned) if a foreign army should break through the "far flung" defences on the Sussex Downs, carefully planned to resist an attack upon London. Whether the foeman make his attack by land or by sea, we (or at least some of us), will be safe, for Mr. Spencer has informed the aforesaid reviewer that, "at his works in London he always has ready for flight twenty-five passenger balloons, which, if London were besieged, could fly away with seventy or eighty people." But the possibilities of this comforting piece of news are only concerned with the future, and we should like to make a suggestion for the present. Really, we are a little tired of outdoor, "pickaxe" competitions, and we could, at the moment, relish a good indoor competition, in which our mental "pickaxes," so to speak, now so long neglected, could be put to work again. This is where Mr. Spencer's novel idea is useful, and an excellent competition might be given with, say, £5,000 a year for life as first prize, the question to be decided, being, "Who would be among the lucky seventy or eighty?"

£40,000 for a Kipling Novel

What strange delusions we have, to be sure, about the value of things! I remember a great daily paper some years ago stating that fortune lay in a successful novel; and it gave, as an example, the fact that Rudyard Kipling must receive something like forty-thousand pounds from each of his books. I wrote, giving figures, to the editor, to show that he was starting a most demoralising desire for novel-writing, and proving that the thing was almost impossible, as it would require a sale of some hundred and fifty thousand copies to achieve it, at the highest possible royalty. I received a private letter in return to say that Kipling's books *must* have such a sale, but strongly advising me not to think it an easy success to achieve. Well, even so—it is a demoralising statement, I say. And now I see a balance-sheet of successful plays of the past year, and I am glad to say it has caused quite a panic amongst some men who were thinking of dropping horseracing, the Kaffir market, and the "bucket-shop," and "having a shot" at the stage.

Alas we Cannot All be Barries!

Forty-nine plays were played—new plays, I mean—at the good theatres. Of these only seventeen lasted three months, and were therefore "remunerative." I hope I am not blasting the hopes of any lady who reads this—but thirty resulted in a loss of all the capital embarked. Now, mark this, more than three-quarters of the ninety-nine thousand pounds won by all the successful ventures went to *four* plays—*The Toreador*, *Quality Street*, *The Marriage of Kitty*, and *The Admirable Crichton*. It will be seen that Mr. FitzRoy Gardner, in his balance-sheet, does not include the extraordinarily succesful musical comedies that ran through the year out of former years, and I do not quite know why he leaves out *Cousin Kate*. But he who would make a fortune in the play-house must write either musical comedies, or "pretty plays"; and the prizes are for the very, very few. Ah, that we were all Barries!

CLUBBITE.

A DIALECT PLAY FROM WESTMORLAND

A Scene from the Play, "Hester's Troth"

Written in Westmorland dialect by Miss Charlotte Fletcher, and produced quite recently at Grasmere. Great interest has been shown in the production, and the entire cast was recruited from the Lake district

Photos by *Mason*

Scene Representing a Westmorland Farmhouse Kitchen

A feature of the performance was that all the properties, costumes and scenery were of Westmorland manufacture. Canon Rawnsley contributed the prologue and a song to the play

The State Coach

Photographs (taken in pouring rain) of the Arrival of the Prince of Wales

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT BY THE KING AND QUEEN

The Last Commander-in-Chief

The Report of the War Office (Reconstruction) Committee, which was appointed last November, has been issued with a celerity that is not exactly characteristic of Committees. That portion of the Report which will be most noticed by the general public is that which abolishes the post of Commander-in-Chief, and creates an Army Council on the model of the Board of Admiralty. Lord Roberts will thus be the last Commander-in-Chief. He took up the post on his return from South Africa, in 1901, having been appointed to it in November of the previous year. Lord Roberts has seen over fifty years' service, having joined the Bengal Artillery in 1851. He won the V.C. during the Indian Mutiny, and in 1887 made his famous march from Cabul to Candahar. Lord Roberts is, perhaps, the best loved officer in the Army. Soldiers, one and all, love the little white-haired, brown-cheeked man, with his lined, but pleasant face, and his unassuming manner.

Photo by *Haines*

Earl Roberts, who is the Last to hold the Post of Commander-in-Chief

The King and Queen Leaving the Houses of Parliament

Showing the gilded coach drawn by the famous "creams." The weather conditions had a depressing effect on the pageant, the gorgeous costumes of the postilions being concealed beneath prosaic mackintoshes

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Famous Sheffield Choir

The news that the celebrated Sheffield chorus (300 strong) is to come to London for the Kruse Festival (April 9 to 20) is very welcome indeed, and still more satisfactory is it to know that they will be heard in such great works as *Gerontius*, and Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Mass in D. Elgar is reported to have once written to a friend, "I SAY: I went over to Sheffield to conduct a Festival rehearsal. Do you know that the chorus is absolutely the finest in the world? . . . . *Do* go to the Festival. For the first time in my life I've heard *my* choral effects, and very terrifying they are." But to return to the Kruse Festival: the programmes contain a feast of good things, and that magnificent conductor, Felix Weingartner will interpret them for us. Besides the works already mentioned, we shall hear Schubert's C major Symphony, Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet* Overture (a gloriously beautiful work), Elgar's Variations, Weingartner's *Orchesterlieder*, Wolf's Italian Capriccio, Liszt's *Tasso*, and Brahms's Second Symphony. The artistes are Mesdames Agnes Nicholls, Harriet Foster, Edna Thornton, Therese Malten, and Messrs. Gervase Elwes, Ffrangçon-Davies, Frederic Austin, Johann Kruse, and Mark Hambourg.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus

"War and Peace"

Although I am far from sharing the raptures of the gentleman who wrote the analytical programme for Parry's *War and Peace* at the last Royal Choral Society's concert, I admit that there are fine moments here and there in the work; but Parry, like all the academic school, spoils himself by stretches of arid commonplaces. I am bound to say that the choir and orchestra did very well, but it is difficult to appreciate any work in the Albert Hall. When you have a building which makes a trombone sound like a French horn in an ordinary concert-room, what can one do? On the same night, Sir Frederick Bridges' *Callirhoë* was performed, a work of which I suppose I ought to say that it is "melodious and well written, etc., etc.," or, in other words, that it is a mere "written-to-order" kind of work, a sort of University degree exercise.

Musical Humour

Musicians ought specially to appreciate a humorist like Mr. Ulph Smith, who recently (in conjunction with Mr. Walter Churcher) gave a recital at Bechstein Hall. The way he transformed "The Miller's Daughter" into a hymn tune, a Chopin prelude, Handel's Largo, "The Lost Chord," and Rubinstein's Study in C, was extremely clever and very funny to anybody who has even but a slight knowledge of these various composers and their styles.

The Symphony Concert

Mr. Wood's American trip has done him good: he has seldom conducted more magnificently than at the last Symphony Concert, his rendering of Brahms's Third Symphony being perfect. In the last two movements Mr. Wood extracted every bit of romance and poetry to be found in them, and the delicacy of playing and expression were wonderful. But Brahms was a curious man; in the first two movements of that symphony he seems to me to be simply groping about, with here and there an occasional light in the darkness. And yet how fine are these last two movements! I ought to add that D'Albert created a furore by his playing of Liszt's E flat Concerto at this concert.

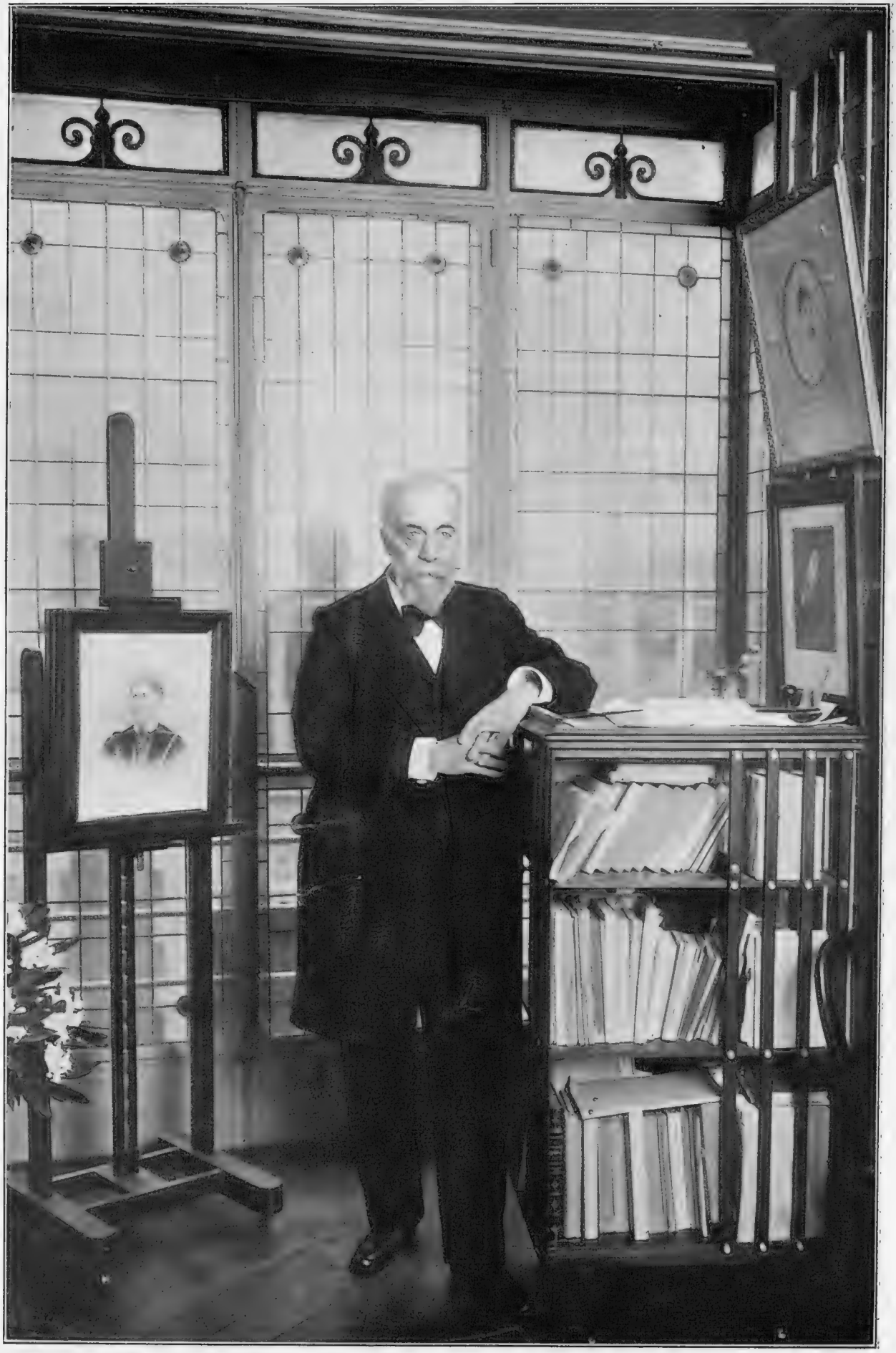
Herr Wilhelm Backhaus

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus, whose portrait we give this week, is a young pianist (he is only twenty) who has been attracting a good deal of notice lately. Just recently he has met with great success on the Continent, and at a recent Popular Concert he aroused much enthusiasm. Herr Backhaus's playing is remarkable for its maturity and quiet strength.

H. J. C.

Photo by *Reutlinger*

The most recent Portrait of Madame Melba as Marguerite



M. Henri Brisson, the New President of the French Chamber of Deputies

The Connoisseur

The Sedan Chair

Its History and Associations

Fashion is rather fond of reverting to the vogue of bygone days; when next in that mood we would claim her attention for the Sedan that so long held sway in polite society here. It first came into England, with some other French affairs not all quite so suitable to English habits, in the reign of Charles I., and came to stay right up to a time within the memory of living people. When Society formed a narrow circle in London and in the fashionable county towns, there was no more comfortable and charming conveyance for short distances than this often beautiful chair. In the current number of *Blackwood*, a lady gives us some very pleasing recollections of the subject:

In Dublin itself (she says) in my earliest years we went about in sedan-chairs, and surely no more delightful conveyance was ever devised. The chair was brought into the hall, the occupant tucked herself away comfortably inside—there was no going out o' nights into the cold, raw air, no soiling of shoes or skirts on muddy pavements—the chairmen picked up their load, carried it at a sort of jog-trot through the streets, and deposited it within the hall of the house for which one was bound. Once I remember that my sister and I were sent in one chair to a children's party. We had some quarrel on the way, and shook the chair so violently in our struggle that the chairmen set it down in the middle of the street, and refused to proceed until we behaved ourselves as ladies going out in a chair should.

The charm that this lady found in the chair of her earliest recollections might be easily realised again to-day were some leader of the fashionable world to affect this comfortable style of locomotion. In the meantime, many a connoisseur seeks the Sedan for his collection of eighteenth century treasures.

A Relic of the Eighteenth Century

The photograph we give is taken from a very interesting survivor of the race, now to be seen in dignified idleness in the galleries of Messrs. Warings. This particular example is probably early eighteenth century, and is admirably carved and gilt and carefully finished. Its original lining of crimson *brocatelle* still remains, and the whole piece exudes an atmosphere of its pleasant social period and hints at a history and romance, such as Mr. Austin Dobson so charmingly suggests in the verses which run:

. . . . Can't you fancy a face in the frame
Of the window? Some high-headed damsel or dame,
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan chair!

Can't you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,
With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair!

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and Teague;
Stout fellows! but prone, on a question of fare,
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair!

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played;
It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Masquerade";
For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,
It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan chair!

Oh, the scandals it knows! Oh, the tales it could tell
Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle;
Of cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare!)
Of Fête-days at Tyburn, that old Sedan chair!

The graceful poem ends with a hint that the owners should brush up their chair and send it to some fine art museum, where it could tell its tale unafraid of the rough hand of time, and safe from its latest admirer—the American collector.

E. M.

An Old Sedan Chair of the Early Eighteenth Century

The Royal Couple, Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice of Albany, have Received a Vast Number of Beautiful and Valuable Wedding Presents, a few of which are Shown in the above Illustrati ns

SOME HINTS ON FLORAL DECORATIONS

By LYDIA CHATTERTON

Every winter scarlet comes to the front as the fashionable colour for table decoration; and although Dame Floral Fashion may produce some charming schemes in which the prevailing tones are orange or rose, yet none of these appeal to the eye as does brilliant scarlet against snowy damask Table decorations are, this season, slightly more raised upon the cloth than was the vogue last year, but due regard must be paid to the fact that they must be so arranged as not to interfere in any wise with that most necessary aid to digestion—conversation.

Time was, when those among us who could not boast of unlimited wealth, had but scanty choice of blossoms for the adornment of the home in winter, but now, all this is changed, and at the festive season we see roses being sold at sixpence per dozen, in fact, as cheap as we could purchase them in leafy June. Again, the pure, sweet lilies of the valley may be obtained so very cheaply as to be within the reach of us all.

Here is portrayed an effective design in scarlet and white, eminently suitable for a dinner party or ball supper. At the corners of the table, slender majolica vases of bright red hue are placed. In each is arranged a white rose with spray of foliage; while in the centre of the table is a pretty rustic vase, enamelled scarlet, to match the other vases, and filled with fragrant lilies.

The other lilies used need careful manipulation, as

An Effective Decoration in Scarlet and White, Suitable for a Dinner Party or Ball Supper

they are to appear just as though growing on the cloth. To accomplish this you will need a number of the lead supports that can be purchased now at any florist's for twopence each, or a strip of pliable lead can be bought at the ironmongers, and easily bent in flutings of a suitable width to hold the flowers firmly. These are arranged upon the table in waved lines, as shown in the sketch, and then hidden by being lightly covered with fresh green moss. Arrange the lilies with their leaves in these, copying nature as closely as possible. Place candelabra — silver for preference — upon each side of the centre vase, and use bright red shades for them. Those in our illustration are particularly smart, and yet are easily made, even by an inexperienced worker. To make one, you will need two penny scarlet fans, one plain asbestos shade, and half a sheet of red tissue paper. Cut enough off the handle end of the sticks of the fan to make them the required width, and paste them on to the asbestos frame so that they meet one another and form a circle; trim the edge with a garland of paper rose petals. These are easily fashioned by cutting a long, narrow strip of paper, half-way across at distances of an inch, and curling the corners so formed with the edge of a paper knife.

A Unique Floral Design for a Fireplace

Between the lines of lilies, place rose petal *bonbonnières* filled with scarlet and white nougatines. To make these, purchase some *soufflé* cases, cover the outside with tiny rose petals of scarlet hue, make a handle of ribbon-wire covered with scarlet paper, and tie a spray of lilies to one side with a liliputian bow of *bébé* ribbon.

There is a sweet sense of gratification in the thought that the flowers have been arranged by one's own hands, not to mention the difference in cost, which is considerable; for this is an elaborate design, and yet it could easily be carried out for 15*s.*, which would include the candle-shades, *bonbonnières*, and lead-supports, which can be used again and again.

Our other illustration shows a unique way of adorning a fireplace for a ball. Into the back is fitted a mirror, and the hearth is covered in the same way. The shelf is entirely cleared and the curb or fender removed. The shelf is covered with a bank of moss, and groups of yellow marguerites arranged in it.

On each side of the hearth are clusters of ferns and lilies, with a curl of moss filled with marguerites. On the flat mirror arrange some realistic artificial waterlilies, and a white china swan filled with marguerites.

Above the shelf hangs a cluster of joy bells. These may be purchased of gilded cardboard from a toy shop, or wire frames can be obtained at the florist's, covered with moss and trimmed with mistletoe, holly, or ivy. There is nothing prettier for wall and ceiling decoration than garlands of smilax, and if expense has not to be considered, blossoms may be fastened to the trails at intervals. Green string is attached from the top of the centre chandelier to the sides and corners of the room, the smilax trails being garlanded to this, and caught with small bells at intervals.

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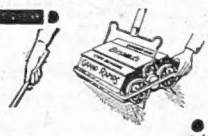

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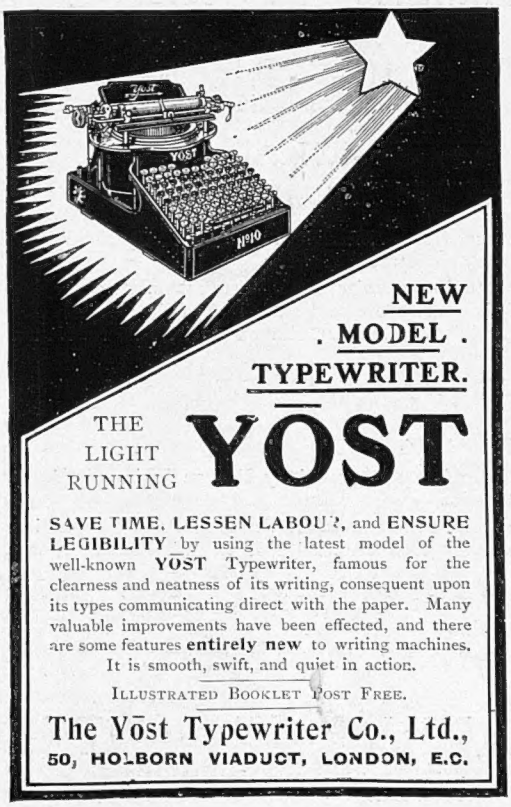

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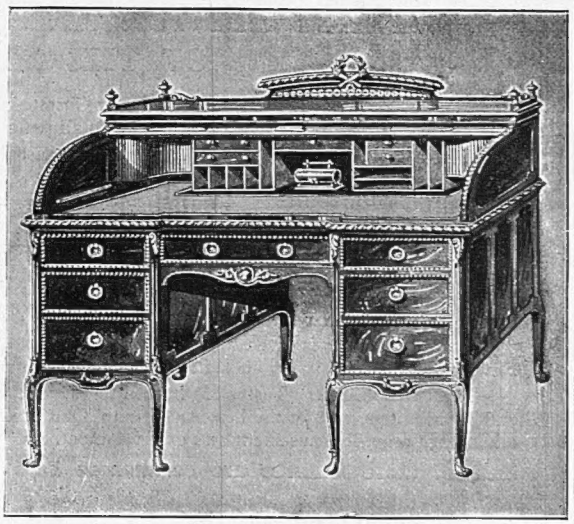

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Characters" at Supper.

Novel entertainments are the fashion just now, and enigmatical invitations are constantly being received. "Characters" was the name of a party recently given in Bedford Park, when every guest appeared with a card on which six characters were written, by which one was to identify some celebrity, living or dead. An orchid, an eye-glass, and a little loaf were three of the symbols expressive of a well-known statesman, whilst Mr. Bernand Shaw was symbolised by a red wig, a Brussels sprout, a tin trumpet, and a large capital I. An "Advertisement Supper" was given recently by a well-known hostess in Hampstead. Everyone had to appear at the festive board in a coiffure suggestive of some well-known advertisement, and prizes were given by vote. The first prize was won by a lady, who represented somebody's three star brandy, with stars illuminated by electricity; the second by a graphic representa ion of a Swan Fountain pen. One man appeared in the red cap of Liberty, and *poudre d'amour* was very well carried out by means of a Christmas-tree Cupid and a powdered wig.

The "Saturday Westminster."

Our entertaining contemporary, the *Westminster Gazette*, has "developed" in a manner which should prove most interesting to its readers in town and country. An enlarged weekly edition, with sketches, short stories, and a collection of the week's cartoons by the inimitable "F. C. G." is now distributed broadcast over the country on Saturday morning. A penny magazine with all the point and interest of an evening newspaper, the *Saturday Westminster* is, as an Irish contemporary recently expressed itself, a departure which has come to stay.

Our New Contributor—Mr. G. K. Chesterton

It gives us pleasure to announce that, commencing with our next number, we shall publish every week a page of comment on topical matters from the pen of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Of this brilliant young journalist, who shrinks from no controversy under the sun, and of his bright wit and fresh humour, it is unnecessary to speak. He has already a name and reputation which are rapidly growing, and in securing his services for THE BYSTANDER we simply testify that we are determined our readers shall have the best literature procurable.

Our Supplements

THE BYSTANDER supplements each week have from the first proved one of the most attractive features of the paper. In addition to art subjects the gallery includes five political celebrities drawn by the late Phil May. The series of ten by the same master draughtsman will be continued in future numbers. This week's readers of THE BYSTANDER are presented with a dainty drawing of a demure maiden "off to the Riviera," by E. Lander, a coming black-and-white artist, who is nearing the front rank of short story illustrators. A valuable collection of old sporting prints will form our supplements in the near future.

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